

THE

LIGUORIAN

A MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING

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Amongst Ourselves

A recent issue of *America* quotes a Gallup poll that concerned the question of how people spend their evenings. In the United States, the poll estimated, 16 per cent of the people ordinarily spend their evenings reading; 22 per cent listening to the radio; 19 per cent visiting or entertaining; and 7 per cent attending the theatre or the movies. All sorts of factors lend room for inaccuracy in the report. (How many people read a couple of hours during the day, but listen to the radio or visit during the evening? How many evenings a week constitute a practice? How many spend their evenings reading useless or harmful things?) However, as with all polls of fact, this one shows a trend or approximation, and inspires three conclusions.

1) Not enough people read. Only 16 out of 100 Americans even profess to read in the evening, and with a number of these, the practice is no doubt spotty and irregular. The other three evening occupations absorb 48 per cent of the people, and there are 36 per cent not accounted for at all. They probably work, or play pool, or stand around corners. Inasmuch as reading can be both entertainment and self-education, while listening to the radio, attending the movies, and visiting accomplish very little in the way of educating, it is safe to say that millions of Americans are standing pat on whatever formal education they received in a school. Not good for a country that depends on the intelligence and information of its citizens.

2) Too many Americans read the wrong things. Some, no doubt, spend their evenings

reading the newspapers, or romantic novels, or exciting pulps, or picture magazines and detective stories. No conclusion of social import can be drawn from the number of persons who spend their evenings reading only such types of printed matter, except perhaps the conclusion that we have a large number of escapists in our midst.

3) Those who read good things are too often unmindful of what they might do to influence other Americans to adopt the same practice. The poll says that 16 out of 100 Americans read of an evening; let us say (generously) that half of these read worthwhile things—books, periodicals, pamphlets, etc., that add to their knowledge of themselves and of the world even while they entertain. That leaves 92 per cent of all Americans as a field for influence and zeal. Every one of the 8 per cent should look upon it as a great service to others to encourage them to read, to read the right things, to find the joy of self-advancement that comes from good reading.

The 92 per cent of Americans who seldom read at all, or who read only the useless or dangerous things, are constantly in the minds of the editors of *The Liguorian*. Their plan is to convert people to good reading, the greatest adult educational force in the world today. For that they need the good offices of the 8 per cent of Americans who are already good readers. For that they will be offering a larger and more varied magazine beginning with next month's issue.

The Liguorian LIGUORI, MO.

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THE *Liguorian*
a magazine for the lovers of good reading



Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion, and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings

Heir to the Hitler Youth

An honest appraisal of the American Occupation Army's efforts to aid German children, by a chaplain who has spent many months in Germany since the war ended.

C. W. Quinn

ONE of the most interesting and valuable works of the Occupation Army in Germany is summed up in the initials "G. Y. A.". The Army is forever changing the names of its operations and the present name of the program is "Army Assistance To German Youth." But the old abbreviation for "German Youth Activities" is still used to designate the work.

Some military personnel are assigned to G.Y.A. as their full time job. They call on American wives, children, and other soldiers for help. The Army has even tried to work out a system of excusing soldiers from certain duties if they give time to G.Y.A. work.

The amount of good already done by the G.Y.A. program is incalculable. German children have been furnished billions of calories through food and candy donated by G.Y.A. The Army has no funds for this work, but it does encourage the men to donate to this worthy cause. I have seen the G.Y.A. make over 1200 dollars in a one night carnival. Practically every P.X. has a box begging for candy for the children. The Army does give some of its athletic equipment to G.Y.A. and much Army equipment finds its way into G.Y.A. hands through a process euphemistically

known as "scrounging." Gasoline is a scarce item for the Army in Germany and it is most strictly rationed. Yet a good ration is set aside each month to be used for German children. In a country whose social life is paralyzed, thousands of children have been provided with opportunities for wholesome recreation, which should keep them off the streets. Innumerable acts of kindness to children have created a spirit of friendliness between some Americans and some Germans. I mention these things lest anyone think that I am concentrating my attention on the faults of the program, forgetting the great amount of good that it is doing.

I realize that one cannot expect perfection from any human work. However, it is legitimate to point out that this, like many other well-meaning undertakings, is hobbled by the fact that it is not based on better principles. In December, 1946, General McNarney, the then European Commander, decreed an end to the "hate the Germans" period. Before that, all troops coming to Germany had to attend a movie called "This Is Germany," the purpose of which was to prevent the men from being sympathetic towards the Germans. The G.Y.A. program had been started

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long before General McNarney pressed the button to turn off hate. Naturally, the basic motive for the program could be nothing like love of neighbor for love of God, nor could anyone in G.Y.A. work have to accuse himself of anything so soft as forgiveness of enemies for love of God. The G.Y.A. program was designed to reeducate the German youth, more specifically, to "spread democracy."

As the program developed, G.Y.A. people looked back with good-natured disdain on their first efforts, which they labelled "the Coca-Cola and baseball period." This minimizing of the early part of the program was meant to bring out the fact that they would no longer indulge in haphazard acts of kindness, but that, now at long last, an all-out campaign in favor of democracy had been organized. Feeding hungry children's stomachs, keeping children off the streets, were only incidental good effects or were only means to the much exalted work of spreading democracy.

Spreading democracy, though, is not so simple as many Americans thought it would be. First of all, you have to know what democracy means. I am sure that very few of the spreaders know what it means. Sometimes they talk as if it is a form of government, sometimes as if it is a spirit that vivifies social life. It was very difficult to show the German youth that Hitler's racial principles were undemocratic without having them ask about our treatment of the Negro. At a G.Y.A. meeting I heard a WAC Captain tell other G.Y.A. leaders how to meet this problem. She admitted that the Germans used the Negro problem to question the right of Americans to be instructors in democracy. She suggested, however, that an American could get over this hump by saying that in America Negroes are equal to whites

before the law, even though the spirit of the law is not always carried into practice, a weak and false evasion.

It was both amusing and irritating to see the childlike simplicity with which Americans held the conviction that everything American is superior to everything German and that if all people would embrace democracy (American style) the world would turn into a Paradise (complete with atomic power and colored plumbing). Much as one appreciated the advantages of democracy, he knew that back in the States there were serious racial problems, an economic crisis whose unemployment problem had been solved only temporarily by the war, and a disastrous corruption of family life. So he could be only amazed to see Americans losing their heads in the clouds of eternal salvation for all through American democracy.

Some G.Y.A. officers complained bitterly that their program was opposed by some German priests. To me it seemed that they were puzzled beyond all patience by the fact that anyone would dare to reject American ideals and principles. ("They don't refuse American beans, do they?") Not all German priests did oppose the program and in any case the resistance was mostly passive. I have no difficulty at all in seeing why the German priests would not become too enthusiastic about G.Y.A.

In the first place, the German priests are German. They and their people have customs that reach back many hundreds of years. There is nothing in American history that would logically force a German to change his customs just because they differ from American customs. If it is nationalistic for Germans to love their own customs, it is nationalistic for Americans to try to impose their customs on Germans. However, I

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do not wish to give the impression that there was any general attempt to overthrow German customs. I remember one incident quite to the contrary. In December, 1946, our G.Y.A. officer had a St. Nicholas party for children. He and American women had gathered a large amount of candies, cookies, and fruit for the party. But the German priest and Sisters were allowed to run the party. I thought that this was somewhat tolerant on the part of the Americans, for they had never seen this German St. Nick in any American toy department. He was dressed as a bishop, wearing a mitre, carrying a crozier, reading prayers from a missal, and bestowing blessing on the children. Juvenile delinquency was taken care of by a character called Knecht Ruprecht, a hideous creature who banged a chain on the floor and almost stuck me in the eye with a bunch of tree branches as he tried to lay the foundations for a year's good conduct among the young ones of Untermeitingen.

One day a Military Government official showed me a complaint he had received concerning a German priest. The priest had forbidden his children to attend the American movies which were shown by G.Y.A. He had even threatened that he would not allow the children to make their First Communion if they attended these movies. A G.Y.A. officer wrote the complaint, asking that the priest be punished and that something be done about the terrible dictatorship of the Catholic Church in Bavaria. I saw the list of movies shown by G.Y.A. We would class them as unobjectionable for children. Still, it is possible that the German priest did not know the exact content of these movies. Seeing the conduct of American troops in Germany, he had good reason to suspect the worst. And at best he could

rightfully claim that the ideals of Hollywood would be no gain for his Catholic children.

Some priests could complain, as I heard one Burgermeister (Mayor) do, that some G.Y.A. outings were scheduled at such a time that it would be difficult for the children to attend Mass on Sunday. This was a well known practice of the Nazis. I am sure that this was not done maliciously and found G.Y.A. officers to be most willing to correct such errors. The priests, however, could feel that, since the G.Y.A. program was in the hands of men who knew nothing about man's obligations towards God, many other cases could arise in which the religious life of the children would be harmed. I heard a very calm and well balanced German mother tell a group of G.Y.A. officers that she objected to the close association of the sexes that was being fostered by the Americans. She claimed that German children were not used to that and that they had missed much moral training during the Nazi time, and hence much harm could come from this close association. Previous to that a German priest had complained to me about G.Y.A. dances which were held in a dimly lighted dance hall.

It is true that the tone of the G.Y.A. program in a given locality depended to a great extent on the personality of the G.Y.A. officer. A directive was sent down from higher headquarters, which explained that the principle object of the G.Y.A. was to help the Germans to help themselves. If the Germans had some youth organizations licensed by Military Government, G.Y.A. was not to compete with them, but to aid them. It would have been an ideal situation if G.Y.A. would have supplied the parish priest with materials for his parish societies and then stood aside. The priest

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would have been equipped to attract the children to gather around the church. Our G.Y.A. officer did give a great amount of athletic equipment and games to a parish society and on several occasions provided a bus and gasoline for excursions to the mountains by this society, functioning as a parish society. But, in general, it would be expecting too much to ask the G.Y.A. officer merely to stand in the background and hand out equipment. He had to make out reports about how many people attended his clubs and affairs. At one base our G.Y.A. officer was kind, courteous, sympathetic toward the German children; he knew no office hours when there was a question of doing things for the children. However, he was continually criticized by his superior officers for being too "idealistic". What this may have meant is brought out by an incident that happened at a meeting of the G.Y.A. Advisory Council at our base. The president of this Council, a high ranking officer, confessed that he did not think very highly of the whole program, but he proclaimed, as long as it had to be carried on, it was our job to get as much publicity as possible for our Commanding Officer. He denounced our Public Relations Officer because, as yet, the name of our base had not appeared in the headlines of papers in the States. You can see that such officers would have little interest in standing aside and letting the Catholic Church reap the profit from materials furnished by G.Y.A.

Another incident shows what good grounds German priests might have for being suspicious of the program. The G.Y.A. at our base sponsored a boys' camp. The inhabitants of the camp were little tramps who were picked up off the streets. The camp provided them with a home, a certain amount of food, equip-

ment for recreation. They were taught some procedures of democracy. They elected boy officials and had an elected council of boys for meting out punishment to offenders against the rules. The camp was called "Boystown", and it was said to be modelled on Father Flanagan's Boystown. One important feature of the model was overlooked—the foundation. One day I brought a German pastor to visit the camp, to let him see what was being done for the children, and to see what arrangements could be made for having a German priest take care of their religious life. In charge of the camp was a German, furnished by a German welfare society. What was my surprise when I heard this man tell the priest that no religious services could be allowed in the camp. I thought that I had misunderstood the gentleman and asked him to repeat that doctrine. He did so and elaborated a bit. He felt that his job was first of all to teach the boys some morals. After that had been accomplished there would be time for the boys to indulge in religion. It would be absolutely against his "conscience" to allow religious services on the premises. (To give the man all due credit, let it be noted that our Supreme Court was not the first to establish the Iron Curtain against God.) I reported the incident to higher headquarters and had my supervisory chaplain come down to inspect the camp. The man repeated his religious convictions for this chaplain. We insisted that the man be removed. Our G.Y.A. Council and officer were in favor of the removal. However, after several months they reported that they could get no one to take the man's place, that the boys would be transported to a German church if they desired, and that the man had retracted his heresy.

Pamphlet Power

A collection of remarkable facts that should worry zealous Catholics into doing something.

J. J. Higgins

IS THE pamphlet rack worth the trouble? My answer is an emphatic yes. To show how I come by this conviction, and to inject a dash of the erudite into this piece, I present the following considerations, first, on the history of the pamphlet, and secondly, on its advantages. I shall also answer some objections.

Here are some facts about the history of the pamphlet that you probably do not know, or could not find out for yourself. (After all, not every library has an *Encyclopedia Britannica* of MDCCCLXXXV, that is, as close as I can figure it, of shortly after the Battle of Hastings.) You will be amazed to learn, no doubt, that among etymologists the derivation of the word pamphlet is in dispute. Dr. Johnson suggests *par-un-ilet*, "held-by a thread," or stitched instead of bound. Another derivation is *paginae filatae*, pages tacked together. Be that as it may, the earliest appearance of the word is in the *Philobiblon* of Richard de Bury (1344), who speaks of "*panfletos exiguos*" (small panflets). In English we have Chaucer's "this leud pamflet", while Caxton speaks of "paunflettis and books". All this, of course, proves nothing directly, except that these men, knowledgeable and worthy, every one of them, were no great hands at spelling.

To come to the history of the pamphlet, it should be first noted that some small treatises of Lucian, and the lost *Anti-Cato* of Caesar, may claim to rank as pamphlets. At the end of the 14th century the Lollard doctrines were widely circulated by means of tracts and

leaflets of Wickliffe and his followers. Throughout western Europe the pamphlet cut a considerable figure in the 16th century. Even the high brow Humanist movement produced pamphlets; e.g., *Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum* (Letters of Obscure Men) of Erasmus. Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, all used the pamphlet to spread their peculiar and mutually opposed teachings. In the 17th century pamphlets began to contribute more than ever to the formation of public opinion, the great John Milton being only one of the illustrious persons that worked in this medium. In the 18th century the importance of pamphlets reached even a new high. Addison and Steele for the Whigs were answered by the terrible Swift for the Tories. Samuel Johnson produced political tracts on order, and these are said to be among his worst performances. On the other hand, the genius of Edmund Burke produced in the form of pamphlets some of his most valued writings. In the English tradition, the best pamphleteer since Swift is George Bernard Shaw, according to the judgment of G. P. Eaton, a distinguished drama critic. The intellectual mountebank Shaw would stand on his head in any well travelled street to attract attention. And in his upside down way he has written plays so that he might print and distribute pamphlets. His trick is to write lengthy prefaces to his plays, and to have these prefaces printed on each theater program.

Across Europe from Swift and Shaw, and considerably above them, an Italian priest of the 18th century wrote and

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published among his one hundred and eleven works some that were destined to rank among the world's most successful pamphlets. His name was St. Alphonsus de Liguori. At least two of his pamphlets are still best sellers, and one way for a pamphlet rack to remain solvent is to stock St. Alphonsus's *Visits to the Blessed Sacrament* and his *Way of the Cross*. A few statistics will indicate the enduring popularity of these works. In the life time of St. Alphonsus the *Visits* made forty appearances in Italian alone, and another forty editions appeared in German, French, and Flemish translations. The *Visits* have appeared in two hundred more editions in Italian, three hundred and twenty-four in German, fifty-four in English, one hundred and sixty-five in Spanish, eight hundred and sixty-one in French, thirty-eight in Polish, twenty in Portuguese, fourteen in Arabic, fourteen in the languages of the Philippines, fifteen in Chinese, nine in Annamite, thirteen in Basque, two in Danish, one in Gaelic, six in Catalan, two in Bulgarian, one edition in Kiskua, one in Kishwahili, two in Malgrache, and one edition, says the authority I am quoting, in Negro-Anglais, which I take to be Pidgin English. All in all, in 1933, there were two thousand known editions of this pamphlet in one hundred and seventy-six languages. Other editions have appeared since that date, fifteen years ago. Much the same is true of St. Alphonsus's *Way of the Cross*. It has been translated into fifteen different languages in eight hundred and ninety editions. The chances are, in fact, that you use his *Visits* if you read any prayers in visiting the Blessed Sacrament. And if you visit a Catholic church on an evening in Lent when the Stations are being said, six will get you twelve they are reading the Saint's *Way of the Cross*.

The decree of the Holy See declaring St. Alphonsus a Doctor of the Church singles out the *Visits* for special praise. Although St. Alphonsus did not invent the practice of visiting the Blessed Sacrament, the decree says, he has made the practice accessible to all, and stands in the same relation to this practice as St. Dominic to the Rosary, or the Franciscans to the *Way of the Cross*, or St. Ignatius to the Spiritual Exercises. Thus, by means of his pamphlets, a zealous missionary who never left Italy and lived a century and a half ago reaches out to all continents and all times.

In our own country, the pamphlet has always been a favorite means of reaching the public, and from the 17th century on (we are switching to the *Dictionary of American History*) tens of thousands were published each year. One organization alone, the American Tract Society, since its beginning in the early 19th century, has distributed more than 834,000,000 pieces of Christian literature. Going back to Revolutionary times, Thomas Paine's pamphlets can be credited with rallying the patriot party and were certainly the most effective propaganda of the period. In our own times, Jehovah's Witnesses will publish five million copies of one of their incoherent screeds, witnesses to the high moronic content in sectors of the American public.

The Communist Manifesto of Marx and Engels (only 15,000 words) could qualify as a pamphlet. And for every Marxist who has read *Das Kapital* there must be tens of thousands who have read the *Manifesto*. Both Lenin and Trotsky were feverish pamphleteers. Today the Communist Party still holds the pamphlet in high regard and will load you with free literature if you show an interest in Communism.

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In France also the revolutionaries turned to the pamphlet as the best means of reaching a large audience. Mirabeau, Sieyes, Marat, to mention only a few of the agitators—had the example of the illustrious Pascal before them, as well as the activity of Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau, whose *Contrat Social* is practically a pamphlet.

In fact, it is the crooked genius of Voltaire that gives us the slogan that at one stroke winds up our investigation and points the lesson that is to be learned from the history of the pamphlet. "It is not the large folios that will make the revolution. It is the little twenty sous pamphlets."

Why is it that people with a message, revolutionaries, turn by a kind of instinct to the pamphlet? It is because the pamphlet, by its nature, is the way to reach the man in the street. Its chief virtue is that it requires only a brief attention span. People do not read books. To buy books takes money, and to read them takes time and effort. But they might read pamphlets. (And people who would shrink from being seen with a Catholic book, might hazard the reading of the inconspicuous pamphlet.) Because it represents only a small investment, the pamphlet can be widely and recklessly distributed, without too great worry about whether the seed is falling on good, or stony or barren soil.

The pamphlet as a propaganda vehicle has obvious advantages over the spoken word, especially in an age of such high literacy. Who can remember much of even the best prepared sermon? But the pamphlet will speak its piece over and over again every time it is taken up and read. And in the hands of a zealous tractarian the pamphlet may reach literally hundreds of people before it is worn out in the service of the Lord.

The first objection I met in my zeal

for pamphlet distribution came from the janitor. He complained that the new stands and racks made the vestibule look undignified,—“messy” was his word. And it must be admitted that if the stands are not kept neatly they can give the area a dime-store-at-five P. M. look. The answer is, keep the racks neat, but keep the racks. Most sensible people will overlook a little temporary disarray, which they helped to cause themselves. And people generally understand that the Church is a voice with a message, seeking to contact and convert all mankind. The Church, therefore, must use the pamphlet, because, as I have shown above, the pamphlet's history and nature prove it to be a valuable ally of those who would reach the people with new ideas.

“Well, we had a pamphlet rack for some time, but it didn't seem to go over. Didn't convert the neighborhood (*business of a mild or semi-jolly chuckle*), and didn't seem to make much difference to Catholics.”

This one I file under E, the Ectoplasm objection. Grappling with this one is like wrestling with a disembodied spirit. First let me remark that the pamphlet is advanced as only one of the agencies of the apostolate. It is not claimed that it supersedes all other ways of reaching the people with the message of Christ's church. But it is a valuable weapon, seriously underestimated, in combatting the popular ignorance of Christ. And ignorance of Christ, to quote Piux XI, is the greatest enemy of Christ. Secondly, only the most naive enthusiast would claim that each pamphlet, or each one hundred or each one thousand pamphlets, will automatically produce a knocking on the rectory door and a request for instructions and baptism. But pamphlets spread generously and constantly through a community can

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change the religious and mental climate of the area. Prejudices will be dissolved, misunderstanding corrected, Catholics heartened, and the way prepared for the conversion of many of good will. But not one pamphlet, nor a handful will do this conditioning. Not one snow drop, nor a handful of snow, will purify the air. But a snow storm will.

If it is complained, then, that only a fraction of the pamphlets distributed reach their mark and do any good, the answer is obvious. Increase the number of pamphlets distributed and thus raise the number of those that carry Christ to the multitudes.

In this connection I am reminded of the time that I proposed a pamphlet rack to the Sisters in charge of a college. They entertained the proposal with a half amused air that seemed to say, "What will this ridiculous boy do next?" And they killed the proposal with this remark: "Sister M. already has some pamphlets, about forty of them." It was only years later that I heard the story of a teen-ager, who, when given a book as a birthday present, explained her lack of enthusiasm in these words: "But, Alvin, I already have a book."

The sad truth is that large scale distribution of Catholic pamphlets does not receive the attention the effectiveness of the pamphlet deserves. The American Church has nothing to blush with shame about, in the matter of producing and publishing pamphlets. Over one hundred publishers have brought out about three thousand different titles. Examined from every standpoint, the general run of American Catholic pamphlets maintain a high degree of excellence; they are vigorously and clearly written, make-up, printing and format are admirable, covers colorful, and the titles are clever and catchy. The disgrace is in our failure to distribute these pam-

phlets widespread and wholesale. "The distribution must be facilitated," says Bishop Hafey of Scranton. "Our problem," says Father Bonaventure Fitzgerald, O. M. Cap., founder of the Catholic Information Society, "is not one of production, but of distribution." Father J. Leo Boyle, secretary of Philadelphia's Pamphlet Center, says exactly the same thing, in exactly the same words. Anyone with any experience in the pamphlet field must have bemoaned the same fact, in the same terms.

Last year one of the most progressive publishers, Catholic Information Society, 214 West 31st St., N. Y. 1, offered a plan to make wholesale distribution of pamphlets practicable. For \$72 a subscriber would receive each month for a year 400 pamphlets. That is \$1.50 for a hundred pamphlets, postpaid. The pamphlets were the best from the publishers' list. To swing the program the publisher needed one thousand subscribers. After three appeals covering every church in the United States (there are 14,742 churches and another 5,000 mission stations), all Catholic colleges, academies, schools, etc., making a total of 105,000 letters, including a special clincher of 25,000 letters to pastors and assistants forwarded under first-class postage, plus several advertisements in the *Priest Magazine* and *Our Sunday Visitor*, a campaign costing over \$5,000 and extending over eight months . . . the total net result was 300 subscriptions.

Convinced that the subscription plan was the best way of securing large scale distribution of Catholic pamphlets, the same publisher tried again this year. He had just brought out a series of 26 pamphlets on Communism. All were written by important and capable people, such as William Henry Chamberlain, for twelve years *Christian Science*

Reincarnation - The New Look

The doctrine here good-naturedly lampooned is seriously held by some of the world's so-called religious leaders. It makes life pretty hard.

F. M. Lee

MY TRAIN friend summed up by smiling indulgently at me. A fine point, perhaps, but my rising hackles told me he was rather indulging me, smilingly.

"Yes, Father, the Catholic Church is fine as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough."

My first temptation was to let myself float down, down in a state of shock. For his attitude was new. Most people think the Church goes too far. In fact, I myself used to wonder if the seminary text books left out any possibilities.

Well, to get you too out of the dark, we were talking about reincarnation. The doctrine that at death souls leave one thing and go into another. Briefly, it hints that by 1985 you may be a carnation. You know, your soul is now in your body, but at death it gets into some other body. At the moment you are you, but the hook-up is faulty, and you want to watch out. Death is the great unhooking, and when that happens, brother, get in there and . . . well, get in there and look around. For lo, you are not your widow's dead husband; you are her grandchild, and the nurse is taking you out to show you to your anxious father who also happens to have been (before the Great Unhooking) your son. A trifle involved, you will say, not to mention the awful joke on the Bureau of Vital Statistics. Better settle for turning up a carnation. But again, there you are. You may land in a flower wreath beside your own coffin. Everybody thinks you are dead, but no . . .

there you are, second from the left in the top row. Dainty thing, too.

At this point, a word to humanitarians whose life ambition is to plant a tree so that the next generation can rest in its shade. Don't overdo that. At the Great Unhooking, you may find yourself in the Grass Division. And there you are, with the next generation sitting all over you, trying to keep in the shade of the tree you planted. You asked for it.

And you, you hunters! The next time you have some furry little animal in your sights, let's think it over first, eh? Is or is not that woodchuck really Aunt Matilda? Maybe she hooked into the Small Furry Animal Division. How do you know? Let's lower the gun, son. The State Law covers this little matter, and the D. A. will give it a name—murder. After all, there were times when you thought that Aunt Matilda looked rather like a woodchuck, even before the G. Unhooking. Remember?

The following thought is an unsteady-ing one. I mean, the food you eat. Yes, we all like the crunch of celery in our jaws, but—see what I mean? Who is it? Whom are you eating now? Put it down, man. Let's not throw off all the decencies of life. Read that menu again, and read it reverently, partner. Perhaps it's just a list of your old friends. Take that goose liver in aspic, for instance. Yes, they call it goose liver, but whose liver is it, really? Old Ted Doe's, probably. And what's it doing in aspic, anyway? See that Long Island duck in the entrees? Think, think over your own sweet childhood

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days on old Long Island. Ah, remember stout Tosh McNuffles, who used to bring you peppermint sticks of a Sunday afternoon? Well, you are making your own decisions, son, but, well, if it, this duck, is old Tosh, I hope you enjoy him. Go ahead, you fiend, order up. Write out his death sentence on that card. Let them tear out his feathers. Condemn him to the spit. But as you drop his relics, one by one, into the bone dish, oh, may each ping be as the knell, the tolling out of his obsequies, and the echoes therefrom, oh, thou demon, haunting thee down all the years

of this cannibalistic orgy that you call "dining."

And so we go on. Don't spank your son. It may be your grandmother. Don't marry that girl. She may be Julius Caesar. Don't lend Jenkins that million. Before his Great U. he went by the name of Timkins and did you in for two million. Why trust him now?

Yes, "the Church is all right as far as she goes, but she does not go far enough." Prithee, good sir, I trust this is far enough. Come now, when we leave off good sense, what is left but nonsense?

Letter of Recommendation

Those called upon rather frequently to write letters of recommendation will recognize the circumstances which gave rise to the following note penned by Benjamin Franklin and dated April 2, 1777, when Franklin was our representative in Paris:

"Sir: The bearer of this, who is going to America, presses me to give him a letter of recommendation, though I know nothing of him, not even his name. This may seem extraordinary, but I assure you it is not uncommon here. Sometimes, indeed, one unknown person brings another equally unknown, to recommend him; and sometimes they recommend each other! As to this gentleman, I must refer you to himself for his character and merits, with which he is certainly better acquainted than I can possibly be. I recommend him, however, to those civilities which every stranger, of whom one knows no harm, has a right to; and I request you will do him all the favor that, on further acquaintance, you shall find him to deserve. I have the honor to remain, etc."

The Cost of Finding America

There is a fairly complete financial record extant of the expense connected with Columbus' voyage of discovery of America. The cost of outfitting his three ships, the Nina, Pinta and Santa Maria, came to 1,140,000 maravedis, which in our money would equal about \$7,296. Columbus was guaranteed an annual salary of 1,280 marks, or \$320. The three ship captains, Martin, Juan and Antony Perez, were promised 768 marks each, or \$192. To the pilots was given an annual wage of 600 marks or \$140, and to the ship physicians 154 marks or \$38.50. As for the common sailors, they readily accepted service at a salary of one ducat a month, or about \$2.45.

Creed

I am now in my eighty-fifth year and very infirm. Here is my creed: I believe in one God, the creator of the universe. That He governs by His Providence. That He ought to be worshipped. That the most acceptable service we can render Him is by doing good to His other children. That the soul of man is immortal and will be treated with justice in another life respecting his conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental points of all soul religion.

—From a letter of Benjamin Franklin

Man of Distinction

Strange, how a man can fail in every important affair of life, and still be "a man of distinction." Of many such is the world made.

E. F. Miller

JORDAN was the kind of young man ever intent on getting to the bottom of things. Rugged and strong in body, self-confident and assertive in soul, he felt that there was no problem too big to be solved. As a sand-lot boy he never let the umpire or referee get away with a mistake in a baseball or football game; as a college lad he never permitted a professor to mark his scholastic work with a note that he felt to be below his due; as a young man returned from the war with the rank of major he never allowed a political question to stump him for an answer, or an opponent to give an answer contrary to his own. He knew what to do about the Russians, the French, the Germans and the Japanese—play ball with the Russians, shoot the Germans, pay no attention to the French and cultivate the Japanese. People admired him for his firmness and his fearlessness, for his intelligence and his righteousness. They said that he was a typical American young man, a symbol of the success in things of the world for which America stands.

Of course the girls one and all fell madly in love with Jordan on sight. And when they heard him defend a thesis, especially in the company of his elders, they practically forgot that the male sex was plural rather than singular. Who could blame them for their chains? He was no more than twenty-five years old, and yet he was already prominent on one of the country's most influential daily papers. Some maintained that he wrote most of the editorials, particularly the ones that pointed out so clearly the dangerous effects of bingo games at

Catholic church socials. Besides, he was as handsome as a statue. What a figure he must have cut in his uniform—pinks and blouse, and brass shining like gold! The girls sighed at the vision and almost wished that the war had not stopped so soon, except for the shooting. *Everybody* wanted *that* to stop so that they might have seen him in his raiment.

It was inevitable that sooner or later this gloriously blessed young man should meet the young lady who would measure up to his fastidious requirements. He met her at a charity bazaar in a store downtown. This store had been set up to receive old clothes for the shivering victims of Fascist persecution in Europe. She, as the daughter of a prominent family, had been placed in charge. "Slumming" she called her work laughingly. Jordan knew that he had seen her before. Then he remembered. A whole page in a recent issue of his paper had been devoted to her charities and to her features. Her beauty was of the lacquered type, like a pair of patent leather shoes. But her tongue was glib. She was the kind who would say to her friends, "I dropped in on the family summer home at the lake the other day—we close it for the winter, of course—and whom do you suppose I found occupying the place as though they owned it? A whole clan of Irish squatters. And were they filthy!" Vassar had been her school.

Jordan was given an introduction—as such things go according to the latest ideas of chivalry and social practice—and that was the beginning. They were

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seen everywhere together from that day until the day of their marriage. Indeed, again according to a modern custom, they were seen together more before the solemnizing of their marriage (by the most prominent minister in town in an evening service at the bride's home) than they were after the marriage. Can it be that romance is a decoy, after all, a ruse of nature to bring two young people together for the purpose of a continued race, to make them fall in love so madly that they would die if they were separated even for an hour; and then when they are securely chained by the bands of indissolubility, to allow their love to languish in view of the fact that they cannot (in conscience, anyway) break away from that which cannot be broken no matter how much they desire it and no matter how hard they try? No. It cannot be. Only a cynic would think it is. If Mr. and Mrs. Jordan were not seen together very often after their marriage, it was for another reason.

It was a well-known fact at that time that nearly one out of two marriages was ending in divorce. No statistics were available on the moral separations that prevailed in the marriages that did not find their way into the divorce courts. But all available facts led to the conclusion that it was a difficult job to make a success of matrimony after the first flush of romance wore away. Jordan was not to be stopped by statistics even the most depressing. It was quite certain that he loved his wife after a fashion when he married her. And he was determined to persevere in that love, especially for appearance's sake. He wanted his marriage to be the same twenty years after the pronouncing of the vows as it was on the wedding day itself. All that was necessary was a little planning. He had read plenty of

books on the subject, and he had consulted a score of doctors and college sociology professors. He knew what he intended to do. His plans were laid and they could not fail.

To this end he had a talk with his wife. He pointed out to her in simple language what they would be forced to do if they were to succeed in their marriage. It was like this, he said. Marriages failed because people saw too much of one another in their married life. Even a sunset grows tiresome if one has to look at it too long. Thus he proposed that even though they were married and lived together, they go their separate ways as though they were not married at all. It would be a kind of companionship, a continued courtship, a visiting with one another when the business of the day was over. To that end he suggested that she secure some kind of a job that would occupy her time during most of the day. Neither need she worry about being home at a certain time, or about giving an account of where she was going or what she had done or intended to do in the future. Love would be their watch word, their bodies the means of holding and increasing that love. Everything else would be as it was before—individual bank accounts, individual interests, individual male and female friends. Intelligence and planning, and of course freedom, were the only requisites for a successful marriage.

When the relatives and friends heard of the plan, they applauded loudly. It was simply another proof of Jordan's far-sightedness and determination, of his ability to devise new and untried schemes for the solution of knotty problems, of his self-sufficiency and independence. Surely no one had thought of such an arrangement before as a means of curbing divorce. The tradi-

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tional custom of married people living together day and night until they became so sick of one another that they were forced to separate by the very disgust that the sight of one another aroused, was superstitious and outmoded. It took a young American, brave and unhampered by clerical taboos to show the way to a brighter dawn for the family and society. Jordan wrote an editorial in his newspaper on his plan, "mindful of the fact," as he said, "that I am not only airing my private life for the instruction of the public, but also setting up my marriage as a guinea pig in the interest of a better and stronger society." Three thousand and four letters came into his office the following day as a result of the editorial, all of which letters, with the exception of four (written undoubtedly by cranks) praised him for his wisdom and courage and asked for advice in marital difficulties. He supplanted Orson Welles as the boy-wonder of the age.

It took some time before the experiment could be put into operation. The public demanded its hero and heroine and would not be denied. Hand in hand or in close embrace, in swim suits, golf togs, slacks and formal clothes they posed before a thousand cameras on a thousand different occasions. Reporters set up quarters in their apartment like generals on the field of battle and wrote down every move that was made. If Jordan did not kiss his beautiful wife on an average of once each half hour, the news was broadcast that there were signs of a rift. The public was constantly holding its breath. It was not until the breaking of the story of the seventeen torso murders that attention was turned in other directions, and the newlyweds were left alone to pursue their plan.

They started at once. Mrs. Jordan

found a job as private secretary of the Jugo-Slavian delegate to the U. N. He was a suave and gentlemanly young man, with a smooth hair-comb and a Clark Gable moustache. His demands were few at first, and his company pleasant always. He approved heartily of his secretary. She was just what he needed—a picture for the eyes, a tonic for tired nerves after a day of struggle with reactionary and capitalistic powers that had no understanding of the meaning of democracy. Not having any set hours for the research work that he was called upon to do, he oftentimes asked the services of his secretary far into the night. She did not mind, for was there not an agreement with her husband about just such a thing as that? Besides, she liked her employer. He was so cosmopolitan in his knowledge of the world, so dashing in an international way, so uninhibited in his manner of speaking and acting. It was not very long before he began greeting his secretary with a brotherly kiss on arrival at the office. The kisses grew less brotherly as time went on. Still she did not worry. In fact, she was pleased and flattered. A person is young only once.

Jordan did not look upon his wife's activities in quite the same light. He felt that she might show him at least a little consideration. No matter what arrangement they had agreed on, he was still her husband, and she was still his wife. He had a right to her company once in a while, anyway. As it now stood, after just one year of married life, he was lucky to catch a glimpse of her a couple of times a week. Even then she would greet him as though he were merely a friend and not as her husband. All of a sudden, in his eyes, her beauty began to pale. It still had its shine, but it was an artificial shine,

something that was only skin deep. And there seemed to be a sharpness, a hardness to her features, that he had not noticed before. Little mannerisms in her speech and defects in grammar annoyed him no end. But still he loved her. And there was his pride to be considered. He had not failed as yet in anything to which he put his hand. He could not afford to fail now. The public had to be considered. He grew suspicious and secretive; he began to spy. And when the object of his spying, the Jugo-Slavian, appeared at the apartment two evenings in a row, one time with flowers, the next time with candy, he grew angry and made accusations. A scene followed. And Jordan hated scenes. He stormed out of the room and down to the sanctuary of his editorial office, and found solace in his woe in the soothing company of his own secretary.

She understood how he felt; she was justly wrought up over the conduct of the hussy who did not recognize a treasure when she saw it, who certainly was not the proper life companion for the boy-genius who had enough on his mind to worry him already without carrying the added burden of an unappreciative wife. She ran her fingers through his hair. She understood. By Jove, Jordan understood too. There was only one way out of the mess. He would see to it at once. It was not so much failing to solve a difficulty as it was learning by experience. In this, his first marriage, he had thought that merely by complete freedom for both parties in the American sense, misunderstandings (the fruitful source of most divorces) would be avoided. He had believed that by refusing the responsibility of a family, the beauty of the wife (so necessary for the preservation of love) could be preserved, and the insane babbling

of unintelligent infants (so destructive of peace in the home and so opposed to the pursuit of private fancies and interests) could be silenced. He was not wrong in his conclusions. He was merely unhappy in his choice of partner for the noble experiment.

He put on his hat and went off to see his lawyer. On the subway he sat behind two men who were deeply engrossed in conversation. One of the men was dressed in black. He was doing most of the talking. The burden of his remarks was that people were attacking marriage from the wrong angle in an effort to make it a stable and happy institution. They were trying to bolster it up with natural rules—sociological rules, biological rules, Malthusian rules, common sense rules—when the truth of the matter was, marriage was something supernatural. It was a spiritual union, at least for Christians, as is the union of Christ and His Church. Therefore, the participants in marriage have to be guided not primarily by natural, but primarily by supernatural rules. They have to look upon each other as the property as well as the image of God. They have to be convinced that their wife or husband is a person ordained by God to carry on His own tremendous work—the continuation of the race. They have to be trained through the years, before they are married, in the supernatural virtues of charity and self-sacrifice, of detachment from mere material prosperity for its own sake, of love of God and obedience to His law. The voice went on and on. But Jordan was no longer listening because of the nausea that came upon him. Superstition wherever you turned! How could society ever improve with such inane notions being bruited abroad in subway trains and from housetops.

Now, take his method of improving marriage—

His station came up and he got off the train. His mind was still addled by what he had heard, and so he was not watching where he was walking as he emerged into the street. He did not see the taxicab bearing down on him. He stepped directly in its path. He was killed instantly.

Jordan's funeral was one of the most elaborate that the city had ever seen. Mayors and governors were present, as well as representatives of cultural societies, baseball, football and hockey clubs, and all political organizations. The *Daily Worker* sent a huge bouquet of red carnations. The United Council of Christian Churches sent a long telegram to the bereaved wife before the funeral, and a representative in the person of its most prominent layman to the services themselves. There were no religious rites as such. Six editors of six large daily newspapers were the pallbearers. The body was carried to the main lobby of the building where Jordan

had done his great work of writing editorials. There it rested for the final farewell. A man stepped forward (he was the country's foremost newscaster at the moment), and drew from his pocket a clipping. It was one of Jordan's most telling editorials. It had to do with the Russians, pleading for greater understanding and tolerance on the part of all Americans. Standing at the head of the coffin, the newscaster read the editorial. It was the prayer of the Paper, consigning the body of its brilliant young writer to the earth, where his immortality would consist in the memory that he left behind of work well done for the cause of a more enlightened humanity. His widow wept quietly during the poignant reading. Immediately afterwards she left and was seen no more for several months. And, of course, Jordan was seen no more either. Divorces continued and men tried new schemes for stopping divorces; and one and all, they failed. The reason was—there were too many Jordans in the world, and not enough men like the man in the subway.



Preparation for Scalping

An old Indian history picturesquely describes how the savages prepared their scalp-locks before battle:

"All Indians wore their hair as long as it would grow. In preparing the scalp-lock, first they would take up three small wisps of hair at the crown of the head and braid them, firmly tying the braid about midway the length of the hair; after which they would wrap the braid with strong bark so that it would stand erect six or eight inches. Then the hair above the braid was allowed to fall over, giving the lock a parasol appearance. After cloth became known to them, they preferred it to bark to wind the braid, and took red flannel when they could get it, because it was more showy. A genuine brave thought as much of his scalp-lock as he did of his war-club, and desired to make it as conspicuous as possible. The scalp-lock was invariably put up before going on the warpath, if there was time to do so, and if any man in the tribe refused to do this, he was drummed out of the service and sent home to do camp duty with the squaws; his pipe was taken from him and in many cases he was compelled to wear the costume of a squaw as a mark of cowardice. All bands on the warpath knew that their enemies' scalp-locks were up and ready for them, if they could get them, and the enemy expected the same of them; the only question was which army would collect the most.

BIBLICAL PROBLEMS (18)

E. A. Mangan

Sabbath or Sunday?

Problem: Is not the observance of Sunday instead of Saturday as the Lord's day contrary to the teaching of the Bible?

Solution: To avoid misunderstanding, it will be best to treat this question from different angles:

1. The divine law or the commandment of God prescribes the honoring of God on one day of the week. In Old Testament times Saturday was chosen as this day, very probably long before the time of Moses, who only inaugurated very precise customs in regard to keeping this day holy. God approved of this practice and confirmed it as law for the Jews.

2. The Church founded by Jesus Christ decided for several reasons to consecrate Sunday, the first day of the week, to God. Some of those reasons were the following:

a. Our Lord rose from the dead on Sunday.

b. The Holy Spirit descended on the apostles on a Sunday, thus inaugurating the spread of Christ's Church.

c. Very probably one of the chief reasons for transferring the Lord's Day from Saturday to Sunday was to impress on the Christians and on the whole world the passing away of the Old Law economy.

3. The Bible does not contradict this change in any way but rather gives a solid foundation for its legitimacy and appropriateness.

a. Christ Himself prepared the way for the change. He defended His apostles when they did not observe the Sabbath in the strict, traditional, Jewish way. He said at that time that the Son of Man was the Lord of the Sabbath. (Mat., 12, 1-8) Moreover He transmitted to the apostles His own authority.

b. Nowhere in the New Testament does Our Lord reassert the obligation of observing the Jewish Sabbath.

c. In the earliest times the New Testament reflects a custom of paying marked attention and special honor to Sunday:

1) Christ rose and appeared to His apostles on Sunday.

2) He chose Sunday for the sending of the Holy Spirit.

3) The first Christians observed Sunday as the Holy Day from the very beginning. St. Luke, in Acts, 20, 7, and St. Paul in I Cor., 16, 1-2, give testimony that it was the custom to assemble "on the first day of the week" for the "breaking of bread", or, in other words, for the Mass.

4) According to the Apocalypse, 1, 10, Sunday was called "the Lord's Day" before the year 100 A. D.

4. As to a positive written commandment to observe Sunday, we can go back as far as the year 387. However, the conciliar decree then passed was only a clear reflection of a universal custom that had become binding. St. Augustine in the fourth century, Tertullian and St. Justin in the second century, and St. Ignatius Martyr as early as 107 A. D., all give written proof that the Christian Church no longer observed Saturday or the Jewish custom, but Sunday as "the Lord's Day".

Dialogue With Child

Lesson On Democracy

Basic thoughts on a basic theme for all Americans.

L. F. Hyland

Daddy, what is dem- dem- dem-
Sounds like you're trying to say a
bad word, son. Let me see what you
are reading.

It's right here, Daddy. See? It says
"Hope of the world is dem- dem-
Oh, democracy. Yes, yes, the hope
of the world. Must we go into that?

But all I want to know is what it is.

You want to know what many better
minds than yours don't seem to know,
son.

But you know what it is, don't you,
Daddy?

I'll admit that I've done considerable
mulling over the subject, and have a
few basic notions about it.

I knew you'd know. And you will
tell me about it, won't you?

Oh, I can tell you a few things. But
you won't like them. For instance, what
would you make out of this? Democ-
racy can be taken to signify either a
political philosophy or a principle gov-
erning social relationships. It that clear?

No.

I thought not. I guess we'll have to
begin at the beginning. Come to think
about it, you're not too young to make
a stab at it. Now sit still and concen-
trate; that means, listen carefully and
shout if you don't follow me.

I'm ready, Daddy.

O. K. I'll do it this way. I'll tell
you what you will be like if you believe
in democracy, and what you will be like
if you don't believe in democracy.

Is it something I should believe in,
Daddy?

Yes, but we'll let you decide that
after I have given you the pictures.

What will I be like if I believe in it?

Well, first of all, you will believe
firmly in God.

I do believe in God, Daddy.

And you will believe that God made
every human being in the world.

I know He did.

And you will believe that God made
all these human beings for a very spe-
cial and wonderful purpose.

I know that, too, Daddy. "Why did
God make me? God made me to know,
love and serve Him in this life and to
be happy with Him forever in heaven."
That's what He made everybody for,
isn't it?

That is absolutely correct. Give that
boy a fountain pen, a radio, a washing
machine and a trip to Scandinavia.
Now let's see. Where are we?

About why God made people.

Oh, yes. And God also made certain
laws that people must keep and He
gave them certain rights and privileges
that are to help them to get to heaven.
Do you know what laws are?

Yes. You mustn't steal, 'n you must-
n't tell lies, 'n you mustn't quarrel and
fight.

Do you know what rights and priv-
ileges are?

M-m-m-m-

I see you don't, not exactly, anyway.
Well, do you think people have a right
to go to church?

Of course, Daddy. We go to church
every Sunday.

The Liguorian

Has anybody got a right to ever stop us from going to church?

Of course not, Daddy. We're supposed to go to church, aren't we? How could anybody stop us?

That's just it. If you believe in democracy, you believe that nobody can stop you from going to church. If you don't believe in democracy, you believe that you can stop other people from going to church if you want to.

But that would mean I'd want people to go to hell, wouldn't it?

Exactly, son. But you probably wouldn't put it that way. You'd probably say you didn't believe in hell.

But I'd never say that because Our Lord told us all about hell, didn't He?

Right. But you would think that you were more wise or more important than Our Lord, if you didn't believe in democracy.

That would be awfully silly, wouldn't it, Daddy?

Yes, it would. Another thing. Do you think that all people have a right to enough to eat, and enough clothes to wear, and a decent home, and to a little fun once in a while?

I wouldn't want anybody to starve, Daddy. I'd give them something to eat if they didn't have anything.

In other words, you do think that people have a right to food and clothing and the things necessary to live happily?

Of course, Daddy.

That's part of democracy, son. But there have been men who did not think that other people had a right to these things. If people were starving and they could help them, they just let them starve. There have been men, for instance, who had a lot of people working for them and who paid them only about five or ten dollars a week because the people couldn't get jobs anywhere

else. Those people suffered everything except starvation.

I'd never let people suffer like that, Daddy.

Then you'd be an honest-to-goodness believer in democracy. Another thing. Do you believe that your mother and I have a right to teach you anything?

I'd rather have you and Mummy teach me than anybody in the world.

That may not be a philosophical way to put it, son, but I guess you have the idea.

I do like the Sister that teaches our grade in school, Daddy. But I like you and Mummy better.

Well, suppose somebody came along and said that your mother and I were not allowed to teach you anything, or to send you to the Sisters' school, how would you feel?

I'd be mad.

"Angry" is the word you want, son. But there have been men who told parents they weren't allowed to teach their children anything, and if they did teach them, these men would put them in jail.

And what would their children do then?

Oh, the police would take them and put them in a school where soldiers would teach them.

(*Scornfully*) How can soldiers teach school?

Oh, they can teach children how to fight and shoot people and how to drop bombs on cities.

But I wouldn't want to learn how to shoot people and drop bombs.

Under such men, you'd learn or be shot yourself.

But it's wrong to shoot people.

That's just it, son. That's just where democracy comes in. If you believe in democracy, you believe in right and wrong, in God's power and authority, in things that people have a right to

The Miracle Worker

Over and above their greatness and variety, there are many remarkable things about the miracles of Christ.

R. J. Miller

THE HUMAN Being showed His divine power in the widest variety of miracles—from changing water to wine at Cana of Galilee, where He began His great miracle-working career, to the crowning wonder of them all—raising Himself from the dead on Easter Sunday morning.

Varied though they were, however, they were all intended to be means by which "He manifested His glory"—the glory of His divinity, as St. John says of the very first miracle at Cana. Repeatedly through His public life He insisted on this point Himself. In the face of obstinate unbelief on the part of His enemies among the Jews, He would repeat:

The deeds that I do in the name of My Father, they bear witness to Me;

If I do not perform the deeds of My Father, do not believe Me. But if I do perform them, then though you will not believe Me, believe the deeds!

His appeal, in other words, was not to blind acceptance, to emotional excitement, or to mob psychology; rather, it was the supreme appeal to reason and genuine faith in God. "If you believe that only God can work miracles, then look at the deeds I do—do not take My word for it, but just look at My deeds with faith and common sense—and then judge for yourselves!"

Perhaps that explains the wide variety of His miracles: they were a divine effort to appeal to human beings on every level of experience—by walking on the waves; filling fishermen's nets

with miraculous draughts of fishes; rendering Himself invisible; causing a crowd of enemies to fall to the ground at the very sound of His voice; curing the deaf, dumb, blind; healing all kinds of fevers and ailments; driving out devils; raising the dead to life.

This is variety, to be sure; the Divine Lover—this miracle-working Hound of Heaven—left no avenue untried to find His way into the human hearts He loved.

And yet, when one examines them all, or takes a position from which they all can be viewed, then in spite of their variety, a remarkable harmony of design and purpose emerges—the stamp, as it were, of the Master's touch; the incomparable touch which not only gives a fascinating diversity to His individual efforts, but an unmistakably divine unity in the very diversity. This is no mere travelling magician with a bag of tricks to entertain the crowd and make a pile of money. It is a Divine Person, going about doing good in a divine manner for the eternal salvation of souls.

For instance, your ordinary magician, even the most renowned, has to increase the amount of his trappings and employ a greater number of impressive ceremonies according as his tricks become more involved and difficult. The harder they are, the harder he works. But with this divine wonder-worker, the hardest miracles were precisely those He did most easily, with the least amount of preparation or ceremony!

He raised the dead to life, Lazarus, the widow's son of Naim, the little

daughter of Jairus, with nothing but a simple command! In other miracles, far more simple, such as giving speech to the dumb or sight to the blind, He sometimes deigned to make use of certain means, such as imposing His hands or going through some mysterious ceremony, in accomplishing His wonders. None of these ceremonies or signs, of course, were necessary. Nothing whatever was difficult to Him. As God He had created the entire universe with a mere command; He could destroy it in the same way and not leave a wisp of smoke behind, and then replace it with another universe completely different from our own; destroy that one, and replace it with a third, completely new and different; then a fourth, and a tenth, and a hundredth. He could create thousands, millions, an infinite number of other universes more vast and intricate than our own, one after the other or all together, with equal ease and perfection. But just as He paused before the creation of Adam, and seemed to take counsel in the Divine Trinity before the supreme work of His creation; and just as the Human Being wrought our redemption not with one command, one prayer, one sigh, one tear (as He could readily have done), but with the fearful effort of His bitter Passion and Death, so on a smaller scale He condescended to make use of certain processes or earthly means to work some of His miracles. But these, again, were only minor miracles; when it came to the things that unmistakably and strivingly, only God Almighty could accomplish, the hardest were the easiest to Him!

And even when He chose to use some ceremonies, there is another striking thing about His miracle "technique": it had nothing of the "magical" or "sleight of hand" about it. No mumbo-

jumbo, no hypnotic trances, no trick to fool the crowd and put it in a mental or emotional state of "receptiveness". Straightforward, simple, open, plain, He went to work upon His miracles as ordinary mortals would approach an ordinary daily task. As Chesterton observes about His miracles of driving out devils: He acted like nothing so much as a strong-minded lion tamer at work! He "rebuked" a fever, and it departed; He "rebuked" a storm, and there came a great calm; He imposed hands on the sick, and they were cured.

This certainly was no ordinary "magician" with an entertaining bag of tricks. As a matter of fact, He had no "bag of tricks"; His business was to help people, not to entertain them.

And that suggests another feature of His miracle "technique": just as He did not seek merely to entertain the crowd, so He did not seek His own earthly gain in the use of His miraculous powers. What ordinary magician in the world, trying to make an honest living and better his condition in life, would have exhibited magic wares by preference in behalf of the ignorant, poverty-stricken, selfish dregs of humanity, as this supreme wonderworker did, and would have refused so absolutely to show his power forth when it could have proved profitable for him or during His Passion, even saved his life?

The Scribes and Pharisees were all-powerful among the Jews; in fact, it was their influence and their hatred that brought about the Human Being's death. Yet when one day they came to Him and asked: "Master, may we see a sign from You?" His reply was a blunt refusal, couched in language that contained a striking rebuke and a strange, mysterious prophecy:

An evil and adulterous generation wants

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a sign; and no sign shall be given it but the sign of Jonas the Prophet; for as Jonas was in the whale's belly three days and three nights, so shall the Human Being be in the heart of the earth three days and three nights.

In the same way, when He stood a prisoner before King Herod, and Herod was inviting Him to work some wonder as the price of His release,

He answered him nothing.

The ordinary magician caters to the giddy popular whim, "it's fun to be fooled", and tries to make as much money and fame as he can out of any abilities he may have in that regard. The Human Being, on the contrary, was completely opposed to any mere emotional, hysterical, unreasoning reaction to His miracles. He was the enemy, in other words, of the merely "sensational". As a matter of fact, if anything of the kind showed itself as a result of some wonder He had done, He took steps to check the manifestation then and there, even if it meant fleeing the crowds and taking to the hills.

Just to take a few instances out of many: on one occasion He had cured a blind man. No doubt the poor man was on the point of leaping up and spreading the good news far and wide, but Jesus' parting words to him were the quiet injunction:

Go home; and if you go into the town, tell no one about it!

So too after His transfiguration on Mount Thabor. As they were coming down the mountain, when Peter and James and John were probably bursting with news they had to tell the rest of the Apostles and the world, He commanded them:

Tell the vision to no one until the Human Being has risen from the dead!

And after the multiplication of the loaves, when He had fed five thousand men miraculously with five barley loaves and two fishes, as soon as He "knew that they would come to take Him by force and make Him King,"

He fled again into the mountains Himself alone.

But what strange behaviour for the King of the Jews!—such has been the thought of many a child and many an older reader of the Gospel story, when first he encounters this striking instance of disinterestedness on the part of the Human Being. If He had come to reign over the hearts of men, why let this golden opportunity slip? Why not capitalize on His popularity while He had it?

Such is indeed the merely human reaction to the divine disinterestedness of Jesus Christ. No doubt it was also the reaction of not a few in the crowd that day who "would come to take Him by force and make Him King." There may even have been one among the Twelve who shared the disappointment and bitterness of the crowd—the bitterness of human ambition and greed come to naught because the Human Being refused to seize an opportunity that to merely human instincts was obvious and priceless. The next day, in the synagogue at Capharnaum, Jesus was to say to the twelve Apostles:

Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?

Judas Iscariot was the "devil"; and this is the first record in the Holy Gospel of the actual working in his heart of the demon of greed, apostasy, treason. It is the first time the Human Being actually called attention to the dread secret process going on in the soul of one of His own chosen band that was to end with the traitor's kiss. Had the

fact of Our Lord's rejection of that "golden opportunity" the day before served to confront Judas with a particularly fateful choice, and had the choice that he made given some special downward impetus to the diabolical process? We can only conjecture, but the connection readily suggests the conjecture.

But why did Our Lord refuse so absolutely to follow the way of human popularity? Why was the Human Being so much a stranger to the promptings of ordinary human ambition?

He gives us the answer Himself:

The Human Being did not come to have service done Him, but to serve others, and give His life as a ransom for the lives of many.

Yes, the Human Being had His ambition, but it was an ambition of divine love and compassion. And it burned in His heart with far more than the fires of ordinary human ambition.

I have come to cast fire on the earth, and what will I but that it be kindled?

I have a baptism wherewith I am to be baptized, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished?

This is no feeble weakling, dead to noble aspirations; on the contrary, it is the voice of a driving force that breaks the bounds of every ordinary human limitation—as well it may, for it is the cry of infinite, divine desire. His longing is for fire, flood, a bloody bath, to make His dream come true. "I have a bath to take, and how uneasy I am until it is taken!" For the word "baptism" in the ears of His hearers suggested precisely some rite of washing or bathing. But His was to be no ordinary bath; it was to be the bath of His own blood upon the Cross, where He would have His heart's ambition

realized and give His life as a ransom for the lives of many.

But to get back to His miracles, He worked them not for any earthly gain or ambition, but as part of His great mission in the world—"to serve others", "to cast fire on the earth", "to seek and to save that which was lost".

And finally, one particularly unique feature of the miracles of the Human Being was that He did them, and openly claimed to do them, on His own power. Other holy souls have worked miracles, and great miracles; but they invariably protested with deep humility that it was not their own power, but God's, at work. Only this greatest wonderworker of them all, Who was also the humblest of them all, made the extraordinary claim that miracles were His own property, and were performed by Him not on someone else's power, but His own.

It is true that at times He seemed to those listening to Him to attribute them to His Heavenly Father:

The Father Who abides in Me, He does the works.

But He also said, speaking as God Himself:

Whoever has seen Me, has seen the Father. I and the Father are One.

And there is no mistaking the absolute tone of His reply on many occasions when asked to perform a miracle; for instance to the poor leper who begged: "Lord, if You will, You can make me clean":

I will: be you made clean!

Such are the signs of the unique and divine Master's touch in all the variety of His miracles: the hardest were the easiest to Him; there was nothing merely "magical" about His miracle "technique"; He never worked a miracle for His own earthly gain; and He performed them on His own divine power. No

Light From the Infinite

The scientist responsible for the greatest medical discovery of modern times gives the lie, by his life and work and words, to all who see conflict between science and religion.

H. J. O'Connell

ON MONDAY, July 6, 1885, his anxious mother brought little Joseph Meister to the only man in the world who could save his life. Two days before, the nine-year-old boy had been severely bitten by a mad dog. Up to this time there was no known cure for the bite of a rabid animal. After a despairing attempt at cauterization with carbolic acid or a red-hot iron, the victim had been dismissed to await the almost inevitable convulsive spasms, delirium, agonizing thirst, fits of furious rage, and final paralysis which preceded death by hydrophobia.

Louis Pasteur, the greatest scientist of the age, had been patiently pursuing his investigations on the treatment of rabies. Thus far, in experiments on dogs and rabbits, he had discovered that by graduated injections of the virus of rabies, these animals could be rendered immune to the disease. It was the news of these experiments which determined the doctor in Alsace to send Mrs. Meister and her son in haste to Paris. Perhaps Pasteur could save him; perhaps not; but otherwise there was no hope.

Until the day that Joseph Meister, cruelly bitten in fourteen places, was brought into his laboratory, Pasteur had not dared to use his treatment on human beings. He felt that it would be as effective on men as it was on animals; but he was not quite sure. However, here he was confronted with a desperate case. Without his help, the boy would surely die a horrible death. Looking

upon the tear-stained faces of the mother and child, he decided to risk his scientific reputation, and administer the inoculations. He realized that if he failed, his enemies, envious of his previous successes, would seize the opportunity to hold him up to ridicule before the scientific world.

Once he had made his decision, Pasteur proceeded at once to the treatment. A few drops of liquid, prepared from the brain of a rabbit which had been infected with rabies, were injected into the boy's side. The operation required only a few seconds; but one of the most important pages of medical history was being written that day. For the next ten days, ever stronger and more virulent injections were given, until the last was of such strength that it would swiftly kill one who had not been previously immunized.

Would the treatment work? Would the boy live or die? Pasteur was in a state of terrible anxiety during those days. He could not work, did not even care to eat. At night, as he tossed restlessly in bed, frightening visions came to him of the child dying in the frightful convulsions of hydrophobia. After the last injection was given, he could only wait and hope.

Weeks dragged slowly by, and still the boy remained healthy and well. At last all doubt was removed. Joseph Meister returned alive to his home in Alsace. The cure for hydrophobia, dread scourge of mankind, could be announced to the world!

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With the swiftness of the wind, the news spread to the most distant lands, and from every side those who had been bitten by mad dogs hastened to Paris. A brave shepherd lad who had been bitten while defending his younger companions was brought to Pasteur six days after the occurrence. The boy was treated, and likewise lived. Four children came all the way from America, and returned to tell to enthusiastic crowds stories of the great man who had taken care of them. Nineteen Russian peasants who had been attacked by a mad wolf made the long journey from Smolensk to Paris. They could speak only one word of French: "Pasteur"; but it was enough. Although it was fourteen days before treatment could be begun, sixteen of these men returned to their homes. The other three were too far gone for help. In gratitude, the Russian Czar awarded Pasteur the Cross of the Order of St. Anne of Russia, and his brother, the Grand Duke, gave 100,000 francs to help found the proposed Pasteur Institute for the treatment of rabies.

Louis Pasteur's dramatic discovery of the remedy for hydrophobia was not a mere accident. It was the climax of a life-time of brilliant scientific achievement. After winning, while still a young man, the award of the *Legion of Honor* for some remarkable work on the formation of crystals, he turned his attention to the problem of fermentation, which introduced him to the world of "the infinitely small", and led step by step to discoveries which have been of incalculable benefit to mankind.

Previous to Pasteur, men had realized the existence of bacteria, tiny living organisms which are present in countless numbers in the air and on every surface; but they knew little or nothing about where they came from, and did

not understand their relationship to the diseases of men and animals. Scientists held firmly to a belief in "spontaneous generation". They thought that these small living things did not come from living parents, but arose from the air, water, mud, and other inorganic substances.

Strangely enough, Pasteur's researches on spontaneous generation began when he was asked to find out why wine and beer spoiled in the vats under certain conditions. As one writer declared: "The science of bacteriology began in a brewery." With the aid of his beloved microscope, Pasteur discovered that the spoiling of the liquids was due to the presence of tiny living organisms. He learned, too, that when these microbes were destroyed by heat, the wine and beer were preserved from spoiling. Thus began the process of *pasteurization*, which in many places is demanded by law for the protection of human food and drink.

His brilliant mind at once proposed the question: "Is it not true that these bacteria come only from living parents, that therefore, if all life be destroyed in a vessel, life can come to it only from without?" By painstaking research, carried on under many conditions, even in the pure air of a mountain-top, he proved his point. The theory of spontaneous generation has never recovered from the mortal blow of Pasteur's experiments.

Already he was beginning to suspect the part that bacteria played in the diseases of men and animals. In his report on spontaneous generation, he wrote: "It would be most desirable to pursue these studies far enough to prepare the way for a thorough research into the origin of various diseases."

It is hard today to realize that less than a century ago, most doctors did

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not know that germs were the cause of infectious and contagious diseases. As a consequence of this ignorance, medicine, and especially surgery, was in a very unfortunate state. Scarcely any precautions for cleanliness were observed in the operating rooms, or in the surgical wards. "A pin-prick is a door open to death," wrote a famous surgeon of the time. In almost every case, a major operation was followed by infection, and often by death. Appalled at the frightful statistics on hospital mortality, another doctor wrote: "A man laid on the operating table in one of our surgical hospitals is exposed to more chances of death than the English soldier on the field of Waterloo."

Pasteur went before the French Academy of Medicine and insisted again and again that bacteria were the cause of infectious and contagious diseases. He even drew pictures of these microbes on the blackboard; but he was received with ridicule and scorn. To his presentation of carefully gathered facts, they answered ironically: "Monsieur, where is your medical degree?" However, a few of the doctors, especially the younger, listened with attention, and applied Pasteur's principles to the treatment of disease. In England, Joseph Lister, openly acknowledging that he was following the ideas of Pasteur, insisted on hygiene as a means of preventing child-bed fever. The evident success of these methods gradually silenced the opposition. Pasteur can be called the father of antisepsis in medicine.

While these battles were being waged, the great scientist was called by the Minister of Agriculture to battle three terrible diseases of animals that were threatening to annihilate the wealth of rural France. *Anthrax* was destroying whole herds of cattle and sheep. *Swine-*

fever was taking a heavy toll of the farmers' hogs. And *chicken-cholera* was causing the same wholesale death in broods of fowl. Not only did Pasteur discover a way to save these animals, but in doing so he developed the scientific method of *vaccination* as a means of immunizing against disease, which he applied so dramatically in the case of Joseph Meister, and which has almost eliminated the terrible epidemics that once ravaged mankind.

Through all these scientific triumphs, which won for him world-wide renown, Louis Pasteur remained always a devout and humble Catholic. The relationship of science and religion was clear to him, and he saw none of that opposition between them which some confused and lesser minds profess to see. "Science brings man nearer to God," he declared. "Everything grows clear in the reflection from the Infinite." When elected to the French Academy, in his reception speech, he proudly proclaimed his religious faith. His son-in-law wrote of him:

"He could not understand certain givers of easy explanations who affirm that matter has organized itself, and who, considering as perfectly simple the spectacle of the Universe, of which Earth is but an infinitesimal part, are in no wise moved by the Infinite Power Who created the worlds. With his whole heart he proclaimed the immortality of the soul.

"It was very seldom that he spoke of such things, though he was sometimes induced to do so in the course of a discussion so as to manifest his repugnance for vain-glorious negations and barren irony; sometimes, too, he would enter into such feelings when speaking to an assembly of young men."

Even in his busy life, he found time for religious practice. He was always known as a good Catholic. Each year he would take a night train from Paris that would bring him to Arbois, the little French town where he was born

and raised, on the morning of *Corpus Christi*, so that he could join in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. And he came again every year at the end of September to be present at "the Vintage Feast", on which the first ripe grapes gathered are brought by the most notable Catholics to the parish church, where they are blessed by the pastor.

On the occasion of his father's death, Pasteur wrote to his wife and children these lines of simple piety:

"Your dear grandfather is no longer with us. This morning we followed him to his last resting place. . . . He died on the day of your First Holy Communion, dear Cecile; these two thoughts will remain ever in your heart, my poor child. I must have had a presentiment of it that very morning on which he was struck down, when I asked you to pray for your grandfather at Arbois. Your prayers will have been accepted by God, and perhaps your dear grandfather was aware of them and rejoiced over Cecile's piety."

One of his most beautiful confessions of faith was made in an address to a group of college students, a few years before his death. "When one has learned much, he comes back to the faith of a Breton peasant; as for me,

had I learned more, I would doubtless have the faith of a Breton peasant's wife."

Louis Pasteur's long life of service to humanity came to an end on September 28, 1895. On that day, after receiving the last sacraments, he spoke at length of the affairs of his soul with the Dominican Father who was his confessor. He asked someone to read to him from the Life of St. Vincent de Paul, to whom he felt a special kinship, since they both had labored to save little children from suffering. Then, surrounded by his family, with one of his hands resting in that of his wife, and the other clasping his rosary, he peacefully passed away.

The body of Louis Pasteur rests in the beautiful Catholic chapel in the Pasteur Institute in Paris. Above the entrance are inscribed the words he spoke to the French Academy, which so well summarize his own life:

"Blessed is he who bears within himself a divine ideal of beauty, and who obeys it; an ideal of art, an ideal of science, an ideal of the virtues of the Gospel. Therein lie the springs of great thoughts and actions; they all reflect light from the Infinite."

Reverie of a Non-Atheist

You are kind, God.
I did not know how kind
Until I watched this scar,
I just laid here and you healed me.
Your invisible hands
Drew me together
And laid new sheaves of skin
Upon my broken body.
I was afraid I had no right
To be wholesome ever again.
And you mended me.
You are kind.

F. M. Lee



Side Glances

By the Bystander

One of the most difficult and touchy points of religious discussion has twice been brought directly to the bystander's attention in recent months. It is the question of whether anyone should maintain, in democratic America, that there can be only one true form of Christianity. The difficulty is enhanced by the danger that one who assumes the task of defending the proposition that there is only one true form of Christian worship may manifest a smug superiority that will offend others rather than help them intellectually. Fully conscious of this danger, and deeply desirous of discussing the question in an objective, friendly and open-minded way, the bystander here presents the two expressions of the view that no one should maintain that there can be only one true form of Christianity, and adds comment directed only toward a clarification of the truth.

The first statement of the proposition that it is wrong for anyone to state that there can be only one true form of Christianity, came in the form of a letter written by the head of a business corporation in the east, in answer to a small leaflet published by the bystander some years ago. The leaflet is entitled "How Old is Your Church?" In simple sentences it sets down the date of the actual founding of 13 Protestant sects of Christianity, and ends with the proposition that the Catholic Church was founded in the year 33 A. D. by Jesus Christ and that it has not changed its doctrines since that time. In answer to this leaflet, the correspondent writes in part: "A pamphlet such as you have released will do nothing more than make Protestants indignant while beguiling Catholics. Upon reading your pamphlet, one somehow gains the illusion that none save the Catholic church worships Christ. One somehow is given the impression that a Presbyterian instead of doing so pays obeisance (sic) to John Knox, or a Methodist to John Wesley. All of these denominations, irrespective of their founder, worship the same Lord that good Catholics do. It seems to me altogether irrelevant, and extremely bigotive (sic), to assert that there can be only one true form of worship. It is tantamount to saying that there can be no honest difference of opinion on any views which we share toward

church, business, politics or any other human endeavor."

There can be no doubt that these sentiments are shared by many other Americans. The second example of the same thought came in the form of a hand-out reprint of an open letter to Stalin, entitled "To the Man Who Missed the Street Called Christ", written by a business executive of the middle west. There are some good things in the letter, some fine American and Christian thoughts, but this is the paragraph that applies to our discussion: "I address this letter to you (Stalin) because you are the man who missed the street called Christ. Your present road will lead you to the same end that every man comes to who misses this street. Don't misunderstand me—Christ is not particular about the type of church, form of religion or the ceremony or whether you regard him as God or not." It is obvious that both the writer of the personal letter and the writer of the open letter to Stalin are in agreement on one thing: Christ and Christianity are open to various interpretations; there is no necessity of trying to find out which interpretation is authentic or binding or true; it is only important that all men proclaim themselves to be Christian, even though they differ vastly in deciding for themselves what it means to be a Christian.

Now we should like to draw attention to three points in the statements of the above two men that take the value out of Christianity for individuals and deprive it of all force as a bulwark against Communism or any other danger that threatens civilization or peace. We want to ask the average American whether his own mind does not come up with some such thoughts on the matter as the following. The first point that leaves the mind dangling is made by the writer of the personal letter: "It is irrelevant," he says, "to assert that there can be only one true form of worship. . . . It is tantamount to saying that there can be no honest difference of opinion on any views which we share toward church, business, politics or any other human endeavor." The point that is missed here is that, while everybody agrees that there are areas of dispute and difference among men, there are also areas of perfect intellectual

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agreement on the part of all human beings, in which to doubt or disagree is out of the question. One such area of agreement is the multiplication table and all the fundamental rules of arithmetic. Exchange, in the sentence of our correspondent, the words "one true form of worship" for the words "one true multiplication table" and you have the following: "It seems to me altogether irrelevant and extremely bigotive (sic) to assert that there can be only one true multiplication table." We doubt that any American would make such a statement. There is no area of dispute or "honest difference of opinion" in respect to that. Bankers, business men, farmers, and all sane Americans recognize an objective solidity about the principles of adding, subtracting, multiplying, etc., that never permits a doubt in their minds. As it is with figures, so it is with the Christian religion. It is as important for the moral and religious life of mankind that there be objective truth, an area of "no dispute" about Christianity, as it is that all the economic relationships of mankind be guided by the truth about figures. The fact that people do dispute about what Christ was and what He said to and demanded of His followers does not permit the conclusion that there is no solid truth about Christ and His religion, nor does it make logical the statement that "it is irrelevant to assert that there can be only one truth about Christ." To make Christ stand for contradictions is to destroy Christ, to make truth irrelevant, to make religion as muddled as banking would be if different men were free to add up two and two and come to a dozen different totals.

The second point that the average man should dispute is that made by the writer of the letter to Stalin, in which he says: "Christ is not particular about the type of church, form of religion or the ceremony or whether you regard him as God or not." Of what use to the world, or to any individual, would be a Christ who was not particular about whether He was regarded as God or not? If He claims divinity and proves it, do we not take every last iota of force out of anything He ever said if we maintain that He was a mere man? In that case we are holding up a deceiver or a megalomaniac to honor, if we still pay him any honor. If He is a mere man, and therefore gave out only opinions about morality and law, with no authority over other men, there is no sense in hoping to rally the whole world around His standard. And to say that He does not care what we

consider Him is to be totally unmindful of a thousand things He said: "I am the way, the truth, and the life. . . . Not every man that saith to me 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that doth the will of my Father. . . . If you love me, keep my commandments." We can imagine Stalin chuckling over the letter that tells him he should be a Christian while at the same time it says: "You don't have to believe that Christ was God; you don't have to take seriously anything or everything He said; your worship, your morality, your principles can be whatever you care to make them." Would not Stalin be able to say in reply: "How would that make me any different than I am?"

The third point an average American might well dwell upon is the statement of the business man "that we do not think that antiquity is the yardstick for measuring the value of any idea of philosophy." True it is indeed that ideas and philosophies are timeless, and that truth is truth whether it be known for a thousand years or for only one. But if Christ was God, or even, for that matter, only an important human spiritual leader, it is of immeasurable importance to know exactly what He said, and to go back into history to find it out. Antiquity as such lends no value to an idea, but antiquity as a proof that a certain thing was actually said by Christ 1900 years ago and accepted by His followers is absolutely necessary to give any meaning to Christianity. It cannot be that Christ could have lived and taught and died to save mankind 1900 years ago, and yet permitted some important message for mankind to become known as His true teaching only 1600 years later. It is what He said and taught 1900 years ago that is important. That is why it seems to us a service to truth to set down in simple statements the origin in history of the sects known as Methodists, Anglicans, Presbyterians, etc., each one putting forth an idea or philosophy that labelled itself Christian but appeared on the scene only 16 or 17 or 18 hundred years after Christ died and returned to heaven. The average man will surely say that Christianity is to be found only in what Christ actually taught and did 1900 years ago, and what has been accepted without change during all those 1900 years. The purpose of publishing such facts is not to cast aspersions on anyone, but to help all to find and grasp the truth and to save their souls.



Catholic Anecdotes

Two Ways To Discipline

The control and discipline which St. John Bosco was able to exercise over the boys in his institutions was one of the marvels of the age in which he lived, and when his work became widely known, prominent men were accustomed to visit him when they were near Turin so that they might see the thing with their own eyes.

About the year 1870 Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister of England, paid such a call. The saint took him into a spacious hall where five hundred boys were studying in what seemed to be perfect silence and concentration, even though unaware that they were being observed. After watching the scene for some time with growing amazement, the visitor asked:

"How is it possible to keep them under such control?"

"I am afraid," replied the saint, "the means we use to do so cannot be used by you."

"And why not?"

"Because they are part of Catholic worship and belief, namely, frequent confession and Holy Communion and devout attendance at daily Mass."

"You are right," said Lord Palmerston, "we lack such powerful means of education. But is there nothing we can substitute for them?"

"There is only one substitute, and a poor one. If these elements of religion are not made use of, one must have recourse to threats and the rod."

"You are right! Either religion or the rod. I shall speak about these things in London."

Either religion or the rod! Both means are abhorred in our American public school system.

Indestructible Primer

During the days of the French revolution, when religion was proscribed and persecuted on all sides, a Breton peasant was on trial for his beliefs, and one of the soldiers, noting how firm he was, said to him contemptuously:

"Why do you still believe in these things? Soon we shall kill all your priests."

"That shall be as God permits," was the reply.

"We shall trample on your crosses and statues."

"God will punish you for it."

"Your belfries and churches will be levelled to the ground, and there will be no place left for you to continue your superstitious practices. What will you do then?"

"There are certain things you cannot tear down."

"And what are they?"

"You cannot tear down the stars; and while that primer is left to us, we shall teach our children to spell from it the name of God."

Faith

"Tell me, Mary," said the pastor to a very old and pious woman of his parish, "What is faith?"

"I am ignorant, Father; I have no education."

"Tell me anyway, Mary, for the faith is surely part of your life."

Mary reflected for a moment, then she said, slowly:

"Well, Father, I guess faith to me means simply taking God at His Word."

No theologian has ever worked out a better definition than that.



Pointed Paragraphs

Miracles

The word "miracle" is showing up with increasing frequency in the titles of movies. We have "The Miracle of the Bells", "The Miracle of 34th St.", "A Miracle Can Happen", and "The Cockeyed Miracle". It would be interesting to know what average Americans, including the producers, directors and casts of movies that center about miracles, think or know about them in general.

Miracles are, in a sense, the most important events in the history of the world. They are the only authentic language that God can use in revealing Himself and His wishes to His creatures. On the rational level, they are the unanswerable proofs to an individual that God has spoken or is speaking to Him, and that He wants obedience and love. If there were no miracles, there would be no satisfying intellectual proofs for any revealed religion.

The trouble with much of the world is that it wants a religion without miracles because it wants a religion without the hard and fast rules and obligations that God has always revealed in connection with His miracles. The Son of God came in a continuous, luminous cloud of miracles, but because He said, "If any man would come after me, let him take up a cross," there are thousands who think it best to deny the miracles. Saints work miracles—hundreds and thousands of them—but because saints usually tell people that they must take up crosses with Christ, the miracles are denied, sometimes even by

those who witness them with their own eyes. Non-Catholic religions neither have nor lay claim to miracles, and are content to do without them because their adherents realize that a miracle is a final, clinching, unanswerable proof of some binding message from God. It is much easier to be free from all binding and restrictive messages. All this requires is that one free himself from acceptance of the evidence for miracles.

That is why it would be interesting to have the average American's idea of what miracles are. Fiction, legend, hallucinations, dreams, unknown forces of nature at work,—these would be some of the explanations given. Anything to escape the facts, in order to escape the consequences.

Between Wars Rhetoric

It's here again. History is repeating itself, and the age-old idealism of mankind is reasserting itself, when the chips are *not* down and it doesn't cost anything to be noble. An Associated Press dispatch of some time ago ran under the following heading: "Non-profit War Plan Up to Congress." The boys are again discussing the noble theme of not permitting anybody to get rich out of war.

Remember, folks, the 20's and 30's? The aftermath of World War I? The startling figures laid before Congress, of how many millionaires were made by *that* war? Of how huge a percentage of the cost of *that* war went for lobbying, contract-wangling, raised salaries of executives and increased profits to busi-

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ness firms? Remember the rhetoric of high-minded statesmen telling the good American people that never again would they permit war to stuff the coffers of those who stayed at home while the young and the strong and the brave were living in trenches and dying in mud-holes for (at that time) 30 dollars a month? Remember?

And do you remember, too, the scenes in Congress *during* the second World War, when somebody proposed the preposterous idea that the salaries of war plant executives be limited to a modest ceiling of \$25,000 a year? Remember the furore, the name-calling, the sharp cries of agony the proposal evoked? Such New Deal madness! Such socialistic fanaticism! Such dastardly unpatriotism! Such outright Communism! Didn't they know, the arguments ran, that you just couldn't induce the brilliant geniuses of America to build airplanes and battleships and tanks and guns without leaving unlimited their right to profit by so doing? Didn't they know that the essence of democracy was to permit men to make all the money they could, even during a war? So the proposal died without even a good-sized struggle, and war plant executives' salaries went up 100, 200, sometimes 300 percent during the first twelve months of their operations. Meanwhile, of course, wages of workmen were frozen fast.

But they are at it again—between wars. "There shall be no profit for anybody in war." Come again, boys. We've heard that one before.

Who's Listening to What?

That Life these days is entirely too fast for many people is indicated by a little anecdote related by *Time* some weeks ago. A quondam radio comedian, Eddie Bracken by name, telephoned

thirty people, whose names he picked at random from the telephone book, and asked them whether they had listened to his program the evening before. Seven of the thirty answered that they had, and two of the seven even named the sponsor. The joke was that Bracken's show had gone off the radio six months before.

The incident makes good clean fun of the "scientifically" gathered data on the popularity of any radio show. (Incidentally, Bracken had never rated as high a listener percentage when he was on the air as when he called the people after he was off for six months.) Things are just moving too rapidly for most Americans. They hear four or five big name comedians of an evening, and by morning they no longer remember whom or what they heard. They have become satiated with celebrities; stupified with stars; dulled by a dazzling parade of "the greatest, the most colossal, the funniest, and the most high-priced talent in the world."

Maybe there should be a moratorium on radio programs till people catch up with themselves. Till they find out again who they are and what they are doing and where they are going. Till they can begin to live and act and remember like human beings, without being yelled at by screaming voices from morning till night.

Stumping the "Wise" Men

A columnist of the *Herald-Citizen* of Milwaukee happened to be listening to the radio program "Information Please" some time ago, and reports the following delicious incident. The question was asked of the experts: "What are the seven capital sins?" None of the experts knew the answer. Then Mr. Fadiman, the M. C. of the program, read the names of the seven roots of

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evil to the men of wisdom, and hazarded the opinion that "they came to us from the early middle ages."

This, we submit, is characteristic of the kind of knowledge that passes for wisdom in much of our modern world. The hand-picked masters of learning can answer without hesitation, questions concerning the batting averages of past generations of baseball players; questions concerning the authorship of almost any second or third rate literary production of the past 300 years; questions concerning actors, swimmers, statesmen, generals, and even rare viands of foreign countries. But they are stumped by so elementary and tremendously important a query as to what are the seven capital sins. The slightest brush with any real philosophy or theology or ethics would have fixed these seven evils in the mind of anyone who came across them; but modern education too often does not even permit one to brush against these towers of wisdom.

The experts prove how completely modern man has come to substitute erudition for true knowledge. The erudite man knows the dates and names of 10,000 authors and artists; his mind is a treasury of quotations, texts, snatches of poetry, facts of history, and record-breaking achievements; he can identify plays, novels, movies and historical events if you give him the slightest clue, even in gestures. But he doesn't know his own soul, nor the things that affect it most vitally.

"The seven capital sins came to us, I believe, from the early middle ages." Forsooth! The implication is that some obscure author invented them; it doesn't matter who it was, because they are not famous as literature or art or drama. They merely represent a nugget of philosophy and theology that makes the man who knows them and resists them

more truly wise than he who can speak 22 languages and date from memory every work mentioned in the Cambridge History of English Literature.

Substitute for Education

Where erudition is not mistaken for wisdom, what may be called vocationalism is, and so completes the process of making a farce of much education today. One goes to college, nowadays, to learn how to manage a business (if one is of the administrative type), or how to sell furniture (if one is of the salesman type), or how to advertise breakfast foods, or how to build bridges, or how to construct atomic bombs, or how to pull teeth or to extract appendixes. In brief, one goes to college to learn some specific system of making money and getting ahead financially. Universities have become vast vocational schools, turning out, as a machine turns out sausages, neatly packaged and banded human types that are at once swallowed up by huge corporations, or absorbed into the ranks of those whose goal in life is making money.

Dr. Hutchins, chancellor of Chicago University, hit this matter off with his customary trenchancy in a speech sponsored by the University of St. Thomas in Houston, Texas, over a month ago. He said:

"The fallacious belief that education can in some way contribute to vocational and social success has done more than most things to disrupt American education. What education can do, and perhaps all it can do, is to produce a trained mind. Getting a trained mind is hard work. As Aristotle observed, learning is accompanied by pain. Those who are seeking something which education cannot supply are not likely to be enthusiastic about what it can supply, or the pain to them is excruciating. And

since our false conception of democracy requires us to admit them to education anyway, something must be done with them when they get into it. And it must of course be something which is not painful. Therefore it must be something which interests them. The vocationalism of our universities results in part from the difficulty of interesting many young people in what are known as academic subjects. And the whole apparatus of football, fraternities and fun is a means by which education is made palatable to those who have no business to be in it.

"The fact is that the best practical education is the most theoretical one. This is probably the first time in human history in which change on every front is so rapid that what one generation has learned of practical affairs in the realm of politics, industry, business, and technology is of little value to the next. What the father has learned of the facts of life is almost useless to the son. It is principles, and everlasting principles, not data, not facts, not helpful hints, but principles which the rising generation requires if it is to find its way through the mazes of tomorrow."

Protection

There is a place of business on Jackson Boulevard in Chicago whose window display never fails to catch our eye whenever we have occasion to pass by it. Strong-boxes and safes are the stock in trade of this concern, and the window display features a pictorial account of what happens to these articles when they pass through fire, flood or some similar violent and destructive catastrophe. A number of actual models (the company's brand, of course) are visible, in a somewhat battered and bruised condition, but nevertheless loyal to their trust in that they preserved intact the

master's stocks and bonds throughout every gruelling test.

The *piece-de-resistance* of the display is a strong-box which survived the destruction wrought in the unfortunate Japanese city of Hiroshima by the atom bomb. While buildings toppled and steel girders melted all around it, this particular strong box rode through the cataclysm triumphantly, clutching safely within its iron embrace the valuables which had been entrusted to its keeping.

The purveyors of this admirable strong-box will have to forgive us if we confess that their advertisement strikes us as somewhat ironic. Presumably the man who owned the safe and its contents was not around to claim them after the explosion. We are not informed in the advertisement as to what happened to him, but if he was a resident of Hiroshima, the chances are he was among the 70,000 who were seared and blasted into eternity by that earth-shaking detonation. But apparently, in the estimation of the strong-box people, his fate was incidental; the important thing was that his strong-box survived. We wonder how much consolation the owner of the strong-box found in that thought, if he had time to reflect upon it before he died.

One cannot help but reflect that this nameless and thoroughly deceased client of the Jackson Boulevard firm is a kind of symbol of every poor deluded slave of Mammon in our modern times. The modern man frantically spends his whole life trying to get rich; if he succeeds, he feverishly puts his money into a strong-box guaranteed against fire, rust and even atomic explosion; and all the while the realization is borne in upon him more and more clearly that he can't take his money with him, and when he dies he will go into the next

life just as poor as when he came into this.

Common sense teaches these truths to rich people as well as poor; perhaps it is because so many of the rich play the traitor to their consciences that Christ made the sad observation that only a few of them would find their way to heaven.

On Time-Saving

There is in the State of Wisconsin an area of considerable scenic beauty called *The Dells*. Passing through the locality not long ago on the train, our eye was caught by a small and brisk-looking airfield, and more particularly by the sign which the enterprising proprietor had hung above the entrance to the field:

FLY OVER THE DELLS! SAVE TIME!

"How in keeping this is," we thought to ourselves, "with the American spirit of getting things done in a hurry. Get a move on! Get hustling! Take an airplane! Hurry, hurry, hurry!" This was the first instance we had seen of this spirit entering into the concept of a vacation, and we summoned up the vision of a Chicago business tycoon, worn out by the labors of the week, remarking to his secretary:

"Mabel, I'm taking the afternoon off. I can afford just eight hours of relaxation, and I want to visit the Wisconsin Dells. Figure out a schedule for me."

A few minutes later Mabel is ready with her report.

"Here you are, Mr. McUlcer. You take the twelve noon train out of Chicago, eat your dinner on the train, and arrive at the Dells at 3:10. There you grab a taxi and hurry to the airport, where a plane will be warmed up and waiting for you. At promptly 3:25 you take off, and your flight lasts 15 minutes

and thirty seconds, during which time you will take in all the scenic beauties of that wonderland of nature. At 3:40 your plane comes in for a landing, and you jump into a taxi and hurry back to the station, where you will be just on time to catch the four o'clock train for Chicago, arriving here at 7:15."

"Very good, Mabel. Remind me to give you a raise. That's the way I like to take a vacation; see what there is to see, and get it over with. With so much work to be done making money these days, a fellow can't afford to waste his time with anything else."

The vision faded at this point, and all we could think of was that we Americans who complacently consider ourselves as being quite shrewd, must at times present such a spectacle to the angels that, if they are capable of laughter, the sight sends them into such gales of mirth as to rock the very walls of heaven.

Undaunted

A young man came to St. Jerome in his lonely hermitage and confessed his desire to leave the world and join the company of the monks.

Noting the youth's prosperous appearance, the saint resolved to test him.

"My friend," he said, "this is not an easy life. We have no entertainment; we wear coarse clothes, and no shoes on our feet; we are exposed to cold and heat; our fare is bread and water; and we must bear with constant abuse from the people and temptations from the evil one. Can you put up with all this, brought up as you were in luxury?"

But the young man made answer:

"Am I more delicate than Christ? He suffered heat and cold, hunger and thirst, persecution and death. Had I twenty lives, it were little to give Him in exchange for His love."



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EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

History of Heresies

Chapter XIV. Heresies of the Sixteenth Century

1. Heresy of Luther (Cont.)

In 1518 the dispute between Martin Luther and John Tetzel was carried to the Sovereign Pontiff. Luther sent his theses to Leo X in the form of a letter prefacing his doctrine with docile and submissive words. By such words he hoped to deceive the Pope into placing a favorable interpretation upon his doctrine. Leo, however, recognized the venom beneath the surface of Luther's words and commanded him to come to Rome to defend himself. Luther excused himself, alleging as excuses his poor health, the length of the journey and his poverty, and requested that the investigation be conducted by judges of his own country. Fearing to confide the case to Luther's own countrymen, among whom he had already acquired a numerous following, Leo sent Thomas of Vio, known as Cardinal Cajetan, as his legate to Germany. The Cardinal was empowered to absolve Luther from his censures, should he retract, or to excommunicate him, should he remain obstinate.

Upon being given a safe-conduct to the City of Augsburg, Luther appeared before the papal legate. In several meetings with the Cardinal he stoutly maintained that he had never written or taught anything contrary to the Sacred Scriptures and the doctrine of the Church. Cajetan was perhaps too lenient with the heretic, attempting to convince Luther that his doctrine regarding indulgences was equivalent to a denial of the merits of Christ. As a re-

sult, Luther came away from the meetings more obstinate than before. He now began to refer to the Pope as a tyrant and the antichrist, and exclaimed: "He has refused peace, let him then have war. We will see whether Luther or the Pope will be returned the victor." Despite his outward display of arrogance, however, Luther was inwardly fearful. He wrote a letter to Frederick, the Elector of Saxony, protesting his innocence of any error against the faith, and requesting his continued protection.

Frederick accorded Luther the desired protection more because of the new University which he had founded and whose prestige Luther had greatly enhanced, than for any personal attachment to Luther. But the protection which Frederick granted the obstinate monk merited for himself the chastisement of almighty God. The Elector was seized with an attack of apoplexy which was accompanied by terrible convulsions. Luther and Melancthon hastened to his bedside, but were unable to address a single word to the unfortunate man, for he had completely lost the use of his senses. In such a state, horribly convulsed, and crying out more like an animal than a human being, Frederick died, without receiving the Sacraments and without giving any sign of repentance.

On November 9, 1518, Pope Leo X published a Bull concerning the validity of Indulgences, declaring that the Sovereign Pontiff alone, in the place of

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Christ, had the power to grant them. Intellectual circles in continental Europe now began to take more cognizance of the dispute; Eckius, one of the most renowned scholars of the period, entered into public debate with Luther, and the Universities of Paris, Cologne and Louvain, likewise, sided against the heretic.

After the death of Emperor Maximilian I in 1519, however, the party of Luther gained ground so rapidly that the Sovereign Pontiff found himself forced to publish another Bull. Made public on July 17, 1520, the Bull condemned the forty-one principal propositions of Luther as heretical, and the Pope sent special emissaries to Germany to make it known there. Meanwhile he commanded that all Luther's writings be burned in Rome. Leo tempered his severity with kindness, however, promising the fallen monk clemency should he retract within two months. And it was only after the period of clemency had long passed that the Sovereign Pontiff solemnly declared Luther a heretic.

Luther, on the other hand, hearing of the burning of his works, became more arrogant than ever. He had the Bull of Leo burned publicly at Wittenberg along with all the Decretals of Canon Law. And from the year 1521 to 1546, the date of his death, he revived in his writings all the old heresies, so much so that a contemporary author wrote forcefully of him: "He profanes in his writings all sacred things: he preaches Jesus Christ, only to trample underfoot His Sacraments; he exalts divine grace, only to destroy liberty; he esteems faith, only to deprive good works of their merits, and to grant liberty to sin; he places such great value on mercy that he does away with justice

and makes the good God the cause of all evil."

When Luther continued to extend his following and to malign the Holy See, Leo X wrote to the Emperor Charles V demanding the arrest of the heretic, or at least that he be banished from his states. The Emperor procrastinated, explaining to the Pope that the Diet of Worms was about to be held and that he did not wish to take action until the assembly decided what must be done. Luther obtained a safe-conduct from Charles to attend the Diet, which was convened on April 17, 1521. The heretic, however, was so obstinate in the defense of his works that the Emperor declared that upon the expiration of his safe-conduct he would be placed under arrest.

Luther would, undoubtedly, have been placed under arrest had he not been spirited away by Frederick, the Elector, to the chateau of Wartburg in Thuringia. This retreat, where he was under protective custody rather than arrest, Luther was accustomed to call his Patmos or his solitude. Here he laid the plans for his impious heresy and composed many of his books. In his works he exhorted the faithful to repudiate the doctrine of scholastic theologians, notably that of St. Thomas. He qualified the writings of the Holy Doctor as heretical, because they had refuted his own, several centuries in advance.

In 1529, by order of the Emperor, another Diet was held in the City of Spires. There it was determined that the practice of religion should remain the same throughout the empire until such time as a Council could be held. Many of the noblemen of the empire, however, *protested* against the decrees of the Diet, and appealed to a future Council or to any other unprejudiced judge. It was this action that gave rise to the celebrated denomination of "Protestants".



Conducted by T. Tobin

CATHOLIC AUTHOR OF THE MONTH

Rev. James A. Magner, 1901-

I. Life:

James A. Magner was born in Wilmington, Illinois, on October 23rd, 1901. His early education was received in the public schools of Wilmington. From 1917 until 1921 he attended Campion Academy and College at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. Studies for the priesthood were made at Mundelein Seminary, where he obtained the degrees of bachelor and master of arts. In 1926 he was ordained to the sacred priesthood. After ordination Father Magner spent three years in Rome at the Canadian College. The doctorate of Sacred Theology was obtained in 1928 and the doctorate of Philosophy in 1929. Upon his return to the United States Father Magner served as curate in several Chicago parishes. From 1929 to 1940 he also taught English and Italian in Quigley Preparatory Seminary. In 1940 he was called to the Catholic University to act as procurator, a position he still holds.

II. Writings:

While a student at Mundelein Father Magner wrote many articles which were published later. His first essay was accepted by the *Catholic World* several years before his ordination. For five years he conducted the question box and marriage questions in the diocesan paper, *The New World*. Many Catholic periodicals received contributions from his pen. Since 1941 the editorship of the Catholic University Bulletin has been under his care.

His first book, *This Catholic Religion* is a brief explanation of the Faith. *For God and*

Democracy outlines the duties and privileges of a Catholic citizen in a democracy. Several of his books result from his interest in Latin America. Father Magner has traveled in Spain and made frequent trips to Mexico. *Latin-American Problems*, written in collaboration with two other authors, is a short factual survey of the history and culture of our southern neighbors. *Men of Mexico* studies the lives of 17 men who exerted great influence on the formation of modern Mexico. *Personality and Successful Living* is a very popular psychological book on the management of life. Father Magner has been honored by his inclusion as a member of the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors.

III. The Book:

Many books have appeared recently on marriage, but *The Art of Happy Marriage* by Father Magner is the best Catholic book of its kind. Most modern books are written only from a naturalistic viewpoint. The present treatment is at once intensely spiritual and very practical. The sublimity of Christian marriage is portrayed in reverent language. The small and great problems that confront any young couple are examined and solved. One young married couple to whom this book was handed give much credit for the success and happiness of their marriage to the lessons learned from it. Engaged and married men and women will find much of practical aid in this latest book from the pen of Father Magner.

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Another Book By Garrigou-Lagrange

The Love of God and the Cross of Jesus.

By Rev. Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P.
399 pp. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$4.00.

This is the English of a series of related articles that appeared in the French review *Vie Spirituelle* during the twenties. Its author is the outstanding theologian among the Dominican Fathers today; its translator is Sr. Jeanne Marie, who must be commended for giving this excellent work to our language.

Arranged into a two-volume set, of which only the first has been given us thus far, these articles are at once genuine spiritual reading and sublime ascetical and mystical theology. For this reason, however, we offer this warning, that we hardly think them fit for popular consumption. To one lacking a training in theology they would offer many an unappreciable problem. To the student, on the other hand, they may seem at times a little too wordy.

The first volume stays close to its title (though surely one will feel that it is incomplete without the second). It treats of divine love and the active side of mortification. We say active, for it is well to note that the difference between active and passive suffering in life is a very important consideration of Fr. Garrigou-Lagrange's treatment of the spiritual life.

A number of fundamental theological questions are treated in this present volume. Love is seen first as a tendency basic in human nature. Then follows an excellent treatment of that wonderful sign of God's love for us, His own Indwelling in our souls by reason of His sanctifying grace. Here is the explanation most fundamental of all of why we call the spiritual life "the interior life," because it is a feasting upon the Triune God Who abides in the depths of our spirit, there directing our whole life, and there receiving our whole homage and love. We are happy to see Fr. Garrigou-Lagrange adopting the explanation lately defended by Fr. Gardeil, and gradually gaining more adherents among theologians. Previously, he had thought it less probable.

Finally, divine love is looked at in its great manifestation to man, the cross of Jesus. Here an attempt is made to probe the mystery of the cross, to see how He Who is sanctity itself could, while yet seeing God in His

human soul at the same time, suffer in a degree surpassing that of all men.

Our best praise of this volume might be expressed in our fond hope that the second volume is in process of translation.

Thesaurus of the Spiritual Life

The Well of Living Waters. By Pascal P. Parente, S.T.D., Ph.D. 335 pp. St. Louis: B. Herder Co. \$3.50.

Various digests of the decisions of the Councils and of the teachings of the Fathers of the Church have already been published. There is also a Latin compendium of ascetical-mystical doctrine, but the present work is the first English thesaurus of the spiritual life. Dr. Parente, the author of two previous books and the professor of Ascetical Theology at the Catholic University, has gathered excerpts from the Sacred Scriptures, the Fathers and various other spiritual authors. The basic ascetical principles on the life of grace, the theological and moral virtues, the evangelical counsels, prayer and the Blessed Sacrament are the topics treated. There are from 50 to 150 texts under each chapter heading. The great scholastics: St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure, the Mystics: St. Catherine of Siena, St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross and the modern Doctors: St. Francis De Sales and St. Alphonsus, are quoted very frequently.

The Scripture texts are not as numerous as those in the *Armory of Sacred Scripture* by Father Vaughn, but those chosen are given in their entirety and not merely indicated. *The Well of Living Waters* will be used with great profit by the souls thirsting for prayer and meditation as well as by the preacher desiring contact with the sources of the spiritual life.

Reflections on the Epistles and Gospels

The Epistles As I Know Them. By Rev. Winfrid Herbst, S.D.S. 251 pp. New York: Benziger Brothers Inc. \$4.75.

Meditations for Everyman. By Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P. Volume 1. 205 pp. St. Louis: B. Herder Co. \$2.50.

The current interest in the Liturgy has occasioned the publication of many books. Two of the more recent ones on the desk of the reviewer offer reflections on various Liturgical texts.

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The veteran author, Father Winfrid Herbst, explains the meaning of the Epistles in the Sunday Masses. The text of the Epistle is given in full and then an almost literal commentary. When the Epistle is used for the first time, an historical and doctrinal introduction is prefixed to the exegesis. The interpretation is taken from the great commentators on the Scriptures, principally from Rev. Cornelius a Lapide, S.J. Each chapter is packed with doctrine. The preacher will find ample material for several sermons from

each explanation. The price of \$4.75 seems high for the size of the book.

Father McSorley furnishes brief reflections for each day of the Liturgical year. Volume one covers the time from Advent to Pentecost. The topic for meditations is usually taken from some part of the Sunday Gospel. The matter is modern and appealing to the needs of the Catholic living in the world. A Catholic would derive much profit from reading these one page meditations every day.

Best Sellers

A moral evaluation of current books, published at the University of Scranton.

I. Suitable for all classes of readers:

Labor Unions in America—*Barbash*
Image of His Maker—*Brennan*
The Story of Chautauqua—*Case*
Call for the Saint—*Charteris*
Home to the Hermitage—*Crabb*
Many a Monster—*Finnegan*
Pilgrim's Inn—*Goudge*
Lake Okeechobee—*Hanna*
I Saw Poland Betrayed—*Lane*
Throw Me a Bone—*Lothrop*
Jefferson the Virginian—*Malone*
The Last Billionaire—*Richards*
No Trumpet Before Him—*White*
Lost Boundaries—*White*
Letter from Grosvenor Square—*Winant*
Malabar Farm—*Bromfield*
I Thee Wed—*Gabriel*
God the Father—*Guerry*
Poor Scholar—*Kiely*
You and Your Doctor—*Miller*
The Human Wisdom of St. Thomas—*Pieper*
The Canticle of Canticles—*Pouget*
The Babe Ruth Story—*Ruth*
A Russian Journal—*Steinbeck*

II. Unsuitable for adolescents:

A. *Because style and contents are too advanced:*
Plunder—*Adams*
The Price of Power—*Baldwin*
Abram, Son of Terah—*Bauer*
President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War—*Beard*
The Death of Socrates—*Guardini*
Battle Report: The End of an Empire—*Karig*
The March of Muscovy—*Lamb*
Memphis Down in Dixie—*McIlwaine*
Assessment of Men—*OSS Assessment Staff*

A Guide to Confident Living—*Peale*
Communism and the Conscience of the West—*Sheen*
George Horace Lorimer and the Saturday Evening Post—*Tebbel*
The Economic Report of the President—*President's Committee*
My Uncle Jan—*Auslander*
Storm Against the Wall—*Cook*
The Echoing Green—*Estes*
Dreadful Freedom—*Green*
A Modern Law of Nations—*Jessup*
Saint Margaret of Cortona—*Mauriac*
The American Language, Supplement two—*Mencken*
Inside Story of the Pendergast Machine—*Milligan*
Brensham Village—*Moore*
The Forsaken Fountain—*Murray*
A Barbed-Wire Surgeon—*Weinstein*

B. *Because of immoral incidents which do not invalidate the book as a whole:*
Nightshade—*McCormick*
A Mask for Privilege: Anti-Semitism in America—*McWilliams*
Milke Route—*Ostenso*
The Great Mischief—*Pickney*
Parris Mitchell of King's Row—*Bellamann*
Peony—*Buck*
Free Admission—*Chase*
A Treasury of Science Fiction—*Conklin*
Arabesque—*Household*
My Flag is Down—*Maresca*
The Proud Way—*Seifert*
Reluctant Rebel—*van de Water*
Tobias Brandywine—*Wickenden*
The Golden Hawk—*Yerby*



Lucid Intervals

There came a lull in the conversation of two train acquaintances, and one of them decided to eat the snack he had brought along. He unwrapped a sizeable piece of fruit cake and gulped it down. Five minutes later, he was doubling up in acute discomfort.

"What's the matter?" queried his seat-mate sympathetically.

"Those nuts my wife put into that cake," groaned his companion, "—she must have forgotten to crack them."

"Egad," exclaimed the friend, "and can you crack them by bending?"

At Esther Hall—a business girls' dormitory in Des Moines—the telephone is located in the dining room. When it rings, the nearest girl picks up the receiver and says: "This is Esther! Who in the hall do you want?"

The following bit of conversation between two Quakers is recorded: "William, thee knows that I do not believe in calling anyone names; but William, if the mayor of the town should come to me and say to me: 'Joshua, I want thee to bring me the greatest liar in this city,' I would come to thee, William, and I would lay my hand on thy shoulder and I would say to thee: 'William, the mayor wants to see thee.'"

Ardent Swain: "Your hair is like spun gold. Your eyes, like two pools. Your lips—gee, what a mess you must make on the rim of a coffee cup."

The boss of a midtown hotel noticed some employes parading out in front during their lunch hour.

"What're you guys picketing for?" moaned the boss. "Our contract has three weeks to run!"

"Does it hurt you," flipped a picket, "if we practice?"

A Hollywood movie executive ventured the opinion that the best picture he had ever seen was *David Copperfield*. "You know," he said decisively, "it would have made a wonderful book."

An old Negro who had just traveled across some Southern swamplands was asked: "Didn't you see lots of poisonous snakes?"

He replied: "Warn't lookin' f'r none."

"Well, Mortimer," said Edgar Bergen on their broadcast from New York, "I suppose you've been up to the top of the Empire State Building already."

"Yup. Reckon I have."

"I guess you found the air up there fresh and invigorating."

"Yup, I just stood there and smelled to high heaven."

Peter, aged eight, had been restless during the night. As a result his cover had become completely disarranged. The next morning at breakfast he said: "Grandma, when I woke up this morning my bed was a nervous wreck."

A distinguished Federal judge, who it is said was somewhat too caustic in his wit, was attending a complimentary dinner given him in a Southern city. Wishing to produce a laugh at the expense of a prominent lawyer, he cut off the ears of the roasted pig and directed a waiter to take them to the lawyer with his compliments.

The lawyer, as all the company present knew, had been unfortunate with his cases in this judge's court. He received the ears gracefully, then directed the waiter to say to the judge that he felt especially thankful for the gift, as he had vainly sought for a long time before to get the ear of the court.

The standard reply to the curb-cruising wolf in his shiny automobile after he asked the pretty little girl if she wanted a ride used to be: "Are you going north?"

"Yes."

"Well, give my regards to the Eskimos."

But civilization, being what it is, has improved on that. Witness the following:

"Going my way, baby?"

"No, I get a harp at the end of mine."

ALL TIME BEST SELLER

We doubt that there has been any pamphlet since the invention of printing that has come close to equalling the record set by the "Visits to the Blessed Sacrament" of St. Alphonsus Liguori. This booklet has appeared in more than 2,000 editions and in 156 different languages. Untold millions of copies are in use throughout the world.

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Motion Picture Guide

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR GENERAL PATRONAGE

Reviewed This Week

Big Punch, The
Campus Sleuth
Docks of New Orleans
Dude Goes West, The
French Leave
Gallant Legion, The
Give My Regards to Broadway
Guns of Hate
Heart of Virginia
Liebe Nach Noten (German)
Oklahoma Blues
Overland Trails
Under California Stars
Whirlwind Raiders

Previously Reviewed

Adventures in Silverado
Adventures of Robin Hood, The
(Re-Issue)
Albuquerque
Angels Alley
Berlin Express
Bill and Co
Blondie's Big Moment
Blondie's Reward
Bold Frontiersman, The
Boy Who Stopped Niagara, The
California Firebrand
Challenge, The
Code of the West
Dangerous Years
Dead Don't Dream, The
Design for Death
Enchanted Valley
Fighting Father Duane
Fighting 69th, The (Re-Issue)
Fort Apache
Four Faces West (formerly They
Passed This Way)
Fugitive, The
Fury at Furnace Creek
Gay Ranchero, The
Good News
Green Grass of Wyoming
Hawk of Powder River, The
If You Knew Susie
Inside Story, The
I Remember Mama
Iron Curtain, The
Jiggs and Maggie in Society
Joe Palooka in Fighting Mad
Kings of The Olympics
Little Ballerina, The
Madonna of the Desert
Miracle of the Bells, The
Monsieur Vincent (French)
My Dog Rusty
My Girl Tia
My Wild Irish Rose
Night Song
Noose Hangs High
Oklahoma Badlands
Old Los Angeles
Olympic Cavalcade
On An Island With You
Phantom Valley
Prairie Outlaws

Prince of Thieves, The
Relentless
Return of the Badmen
Return of the Whistler, The
Road to Rio
Scudda-Hoo, Scudda-Hay
Search, The
Shaggy
Six Gun Law
Slippy McGee
Smart Politics
Song of Idaho
Song of the Drifter
Speed to Spare
Tale of the Navajos
Tarzan and the Mermaids
Tender Years, The
Teath Avenue Angel
13 Lead Soldiers
Tioga Kid, The
T-Men
Tornado Range
Trail of the Mounties
Western Heritage
Western Terror
West of Sonora
Where the North Begins
Winners Circle
Who Killed Doc Robin
Wreck of the Hesperus, The
You Were Meant for Me

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS

Reviewed This Week

Argyle Secrets, The
Big City
Blonde Ice
Crossed Trails
Devil's Cargo
Emperor Waltz, The
For You I Die
Fuller Brush Man, The
I Wouldn't Be in Your Shoes
Maria Ilona (German)
Money Madness
Showtime
Water Front at Midnight
Will It Happen Again?

Previously Reviewed

Adventures of Casanova
Alias a Gentleman
Angry God, The
Another Part of the Forest
April Showers
Arizona Ranger
Beauty and the Beast (French)
B. F.'s Daughter
Big Clock, The
Big Fix, The
Bishop's Wife, The
Black Bart
Black Narcissus
Body and Soul
Bride Goes Wild, The
Brothers, The
Caged Fury
Captain Boycott
Captain from Castile
Cass Timberlane
Cobra Strikes, The
Counterfeiters, The
Dear Murderer
Double Life, A
Fabulous Joe
Farrebique (French)
Half Past Midnight
Hatter's Castle
Heading for Heaven
Henry the Fifth
Here Comes Trouble
High Wall, The
Holiday Camp
Homecoming
Ideal Husband, An
I Walk Alone
Killer McCoy
Let's Live Again
Life With Father
Lightnin' in the Forest
Lost One, The (La Traviata)
Main Street Kid
Man from Texas
Mary Lou
Mating of Millie
Meet Me at Dawn
Miracle in Harlem
Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream
House
Mr. Reckless
Mourning Becomes Electra
Naked City, The
October Man
Open Secret
Opernball (German)
Panhandle
Paradine Case, The
Pearl, The
Piccadilly Incident
Pirate, The
Port Said
Raw Deal
River Lady
Road to the Big House
Saigon
Sainted Sisters, The
Silver River
Sitting Pretty
Sleep My Love
Smugglers, The
So This Is New York
So Well Remembered
Spaete Liebe (German)
Springtime
State of the Union
Summer Holiday
Take My Life
To Live in Peace (Italian)
To the Ends of the Earth
Treasure of Sierra Madre, The
Tycoon
Unconquered
Up in Central Park
Voice of the Turtle, The
Whispering City
Winter Meeting
Woman from Tangier
Woman in White, The
Woman's Vengeance, A
Your Red Wagon

